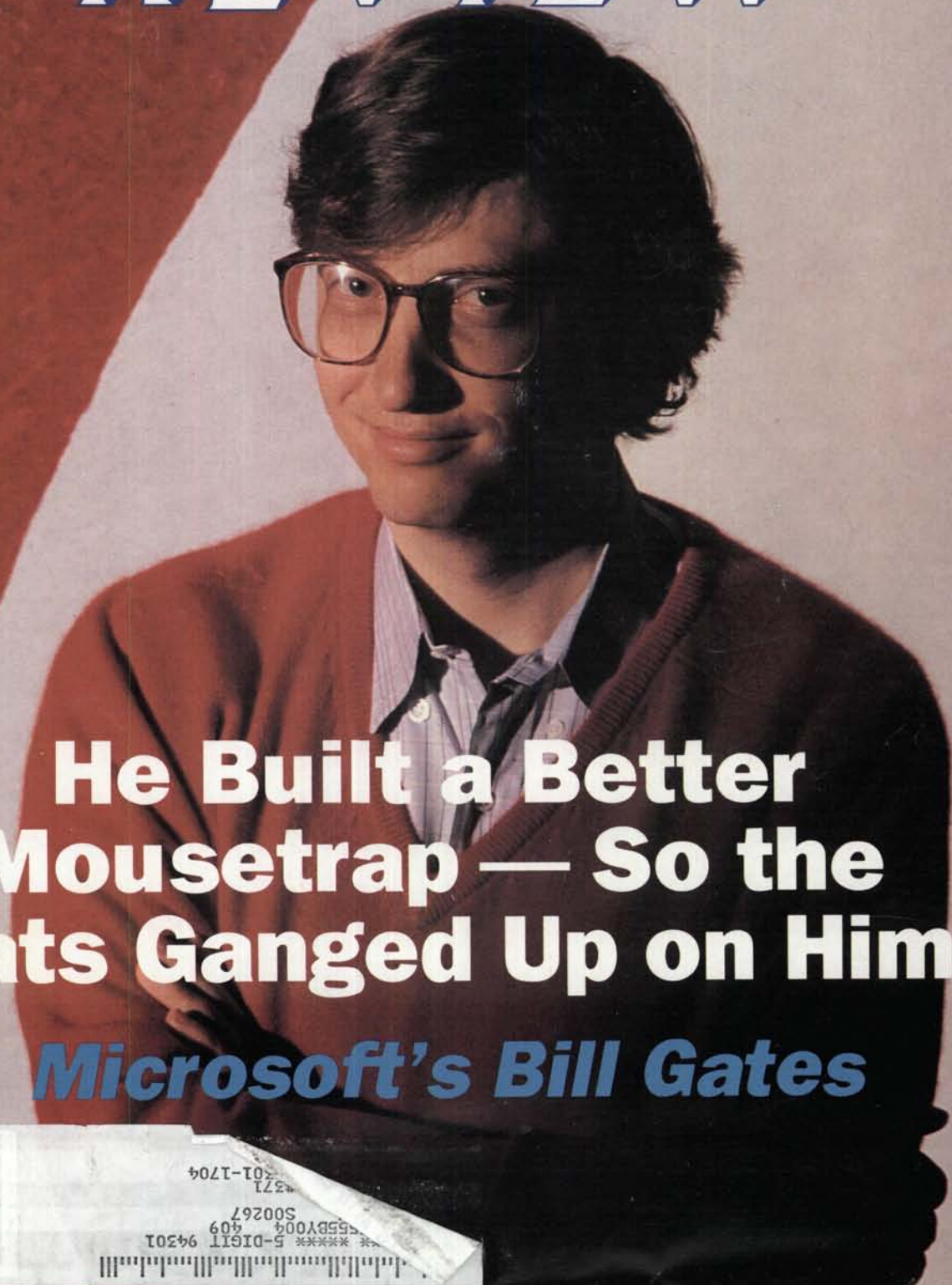


WEB
ON THE
DEFICIT

Senator Chafee's Political Prescriptions

NATIONAL REVIEW

A portrait of Bill Gates, wearing glasses and a red sweater, looking slightly to the side with a faint smile. The background is a light blue and white geometric pattern.

**He Built a Better
Mousetrap — So the
Cats Ganged Up on Him**

Microsoft's Bill Gates



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NATIONAL REVIEW

JANUARY 24, 1994 VOL. XLVI, NO. 1

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When Bill Gates built Microsoft into a high-tech empire, America's international competitiveness was the winner, the company's business rivals the losers. Guess, asks **Mark Lewyn**, which attracted the attention of the U.S. Government?

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War-Powers Resolution?

Your editorial chiding recent actions of some congressional Republicans ["The GOP and War Powers," Nov. 29] overlooks a key difference between the Somalia operation and previous operations that have given rise to war-powers disputes: the Clinton Administration does not even claim that the Somalia operation serves any national-security interest of the United States.

No President has conceded that he requires Congress's approval to defend U.S. territory if it is attacked, or to protect U.S. forces stationed overseas, or oil-fields vital to our economic security. At the same time, however, no President has claimed inherent constitutional authority to launch what in modern usage would be called a "war of aggression." If the constitutional grant of authority to Congress to declare war means anything, it means that Congress must approve a decision to initiate a war that is not one of self-defense.

It is true that most Republicans traditionally have had reservations about the War Powers Resolution. It is not necessary to revise this position, however, in order to tell Presidents that if they are going to persist in using the U.S. military to create "secure environments" for suffering peoples, they ought to seek congressional approval, just as they do before delivering other types of foreign aid.

For these reasons, I think it was consistent with traditional positions for Republicans to seek to bring U.S. forces home from Somalia before the President's announced withdrawal date of March 31, 1994. The resolution I brought to the House floor urged, but would not have required, an earlier withdrawal.

I offered my resolution because of my conviction that the Clinton Administration's policy of prolonging the U.S. withdrawal is not about saving lives, but about saving face. The Administration's policy in Somalia has been a costly failure, and in an effort to conceal this fact, our forces are being kept there longer than is necessary to transfer the operation to UN forces.

Benjamin A. Gilman
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Holy War

Jon Levenson is quite right to conclude [Nov. 15] that Ernest Sutherland Bates's *The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature* is not meant for "the serious Bible reader." That reader has 19 or so editions of the standard Bible available to choose from. This edition is meant for people who for a variety of reasons have not been able to read the Bible as a book, no matter how much they may rely on it in their spiritual life.

On a lesser note, Professor Levenson gently chides me for extolling the virtues of the King James Version, on which the Bates Bible relies, saying, "If the KJV is to be naturalized as an American classic, the cultural Americanism of non-Protestants must be cast into grave doubt." I'm afraid I don't get his point. I never thought to claim the KJV as a strictly American classic, but there is good reason why it has played a powerful role in American culture. Judged on its merits, and not on its sectarian provenance, the KJV is one of the great achievements of the English-speaking peoples.

Although it is probably unintentional, the review's overall message seems to be that one should not read the Bible at all unless one is prepared to immerse oneself in every jot and tittle. While this is a hard point to argue with, it is also a luxury that most of us are unable to enjoy. The Bates Bible opens a window on this great work that has been closed for too long. Instead of being put off by



"I keep forgetting: Is a man innocent until proven guilty, or guilty until proven innocent?"

the good professor's review, I hope your many readers will see in its negative points the positive reasons why the Bates Bible is such an exceptional work, and, if they have not done so before, allow themselves the great pleasure of discovering the Bible on their own.

Wick Allison
Larchmont, N.Y.

I never denied that the King James Version is a great literary achievement, but I continue to hold that its "powerful role in American culture" has more to do with its status as sacred Scripture in certain Protestant communities than with the excellence of its language.

Mr. Allison still leaves it unclear whether the classic he wishes to make more available is the Bible or only its King James Version. If the former, then the exponential increase in the knowledge of Biblical languages among Anglophone translators over the past four hundred years must be taken very seriously. Moreover, the majestic but archaic language of the KJV, even when it is not inaccurate as a translation, can make the Bible less rather than more accessible.

Why Mr. Allison thinks that reading the whole Christian Bible is a luxury eludes me. It is roughly the same length as War and Peace and shorter than two of James Michener's novels. And making available the passages that Mr. Allison considers expendable would allow even the non-serious reader to doubt his judgment and perhaps to be thankful that not one jot or one tittle has passed away from the text.

—JDL

Blaspheming Blasphemy

I protest the highly misleading account of my book, *Blasphemy*, by Matthew Berke [Nov. 29].

He notes that a reproduction of Serrano's *Piss Christ* is on the dust-jacket of the book without remarking that in big, bold capital letters across the top of the reproduction is the word BLASPHEMY. Although I note that Serrano—to give him his due—may have been making a comment about the degradation of religion in modern society, I twice call his work "scum." I also criticize government subsidy of such work, because the government should not employ "its authority on the side of insult against the religious beliefs of most Christians." It is true that, for a variety of reasons that I spell out, I oppose prosecution for blasphemy. As I say at one point, "Whether art is religious or antireligious, the First Amendment means also that it is free to circulate, even if it is scum."

I do not merely "seem" to recognize

that Christianity has what Mr. Berke calls "certain resources for toleration." One of my principal themes is that devout Christians have always been in the forefront of the movement for toleration. Contrary to Mr. Berke, the progress of religious liberty is a prime story line in the book. I explain that Baptists and Quakers as well as Unitarians were victimized by blasphemy laws—indeed all Protestants were at one time—and that those once condemned as blasphemers eventually became accepted.

Mr. Berke also gives the impression that I ignore the problem of "art" that "displays racism or anti-Semitism." Discussing Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*, I observe: "If a novel should present in attractive language the psychotic dreams of a Nazi demanding a 'final solution' for Jews, or of a Klansman demanding that 'niggers be sent back to Africa,' proponents of free speech and artistic integrity would confront the problem that Rushdie's book presented. . . . A writer ought to use his freedom of speech and artistic license with some sense of civil responsibility."

I refuse to ignore the insult connecting me with political correctness or Catharine MacKinnon. I would argue, however, that "the heirs of St. Augustine," who de-

vised a theory of persecution, are much closer to PC and Miss MacKinnon than I—and on that issue I will take on Matthew Berke any time.

Leonard W. Levy
Ashland, Ore.

Mr. Levy misstates the actual criticisms made in my review, and adds to the confusion by protesting imagined insults. Regarding Serrano's Piss Christ, the review does not say or imply that Mr. Levy admires such art or that he wants to fund it with government money. Nor do I criticize him for opposing prosecutions against blasphemy; as it happens, I agree with him that even "scum" should be free to circulate—let the scum-makers do their worst. The review passage in question is simply about the legitimacy of social pressure, not legal prosecution, against putatively respectable institutions that showcase such "art," and here I do chide Mr. Levy for failing to engage the issue. I also observe that our cultural elite readily decries public insults against blacks and Jews (good!) but is reluctant to condemn outrages against the feelings of Christians (bad); this prompts Mr. Levy to complain, quite bizarrely, that I imply an indifference on his part toward racist or anti-Semitic displays.

No, what concerns me is an incipient double standard. E.g., he writes (Blasphemy, p. 437): "An argument can be made for the punishment of the incitement of hatred against persons who belong to religious, racial, or other minority groups; but that argument loses all efficacy when the vast majority is the butt of verbal insults." There is perhaps some limited merit in this argument, but I would not want to take it too far, and I think Mr. Levy might. On p. 569 he writes: "Alfred North Whitehead committed what was once a capital blasphemy when he declared that he considered 'Christian theology to be one of the great disasters of the human race.' Remarks of this nature now are commonplace and, as far as the law and culture are concerned, not the least offensive." So, this is not even an offense as far as the culture is concerned? What about comparable libels against the Torah? Call me crazy, but as a Jew I am skittish about proposing a radical double standard to the Christian majority.

Finally, I did not accuse Mr. Levy of political correctness nor did I "connect" him with Catharine MacKinnon, as he charges; I simply needled him for his disproportionate fear of St. Augustine as compared to Miss MacKinnon. —MB

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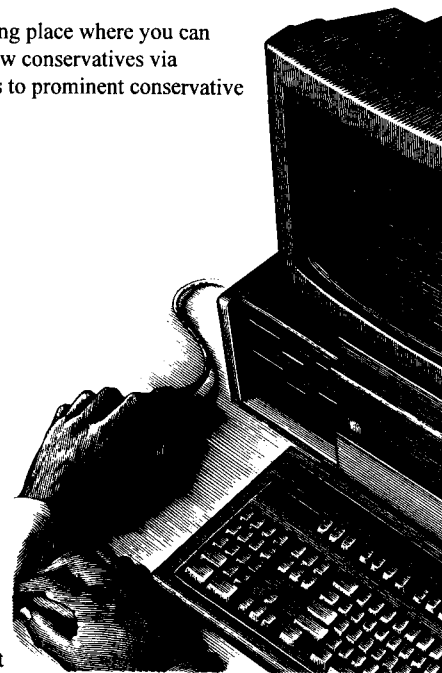
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FROM THE EDITOR

Troubles Galore

DUBLIN, LONDON

■ Is it really 25 years since the latest Anglo-Irish "troubles" began? They were the story on which I cut my journalistic teeth as London correspondent for Radio Television Eireann, Ireland's BBC, in the early 1970s.

I was sent once to report on a bombing in a small Northern Irish village. There were several snags: the lunchtime news ended in two and a half hours, and the village was two hours away. Also a telephone strike nixed outgoing calls to Dublin.

My editor, Mike Burns, saw no problem. He would have a call booked to me at the nearest police station.

I arrived, got the story, and asked for the police station. The nearest was an hour away. In desperation, I went to the first house with telephone wires attached, and knocked on the door.

A man opened it and said: "Is your name John O'Sullivan? There's a phone call for you."

After I had broadcast my modest scoop with five minutes of news time to spare, Mike explained: "Four houses in that god-forsaken place have telephones. There were calls booked to you in all of them."

Nothing is ever a problem to Mike—a necessary trait since he is now media advisor to the British-Irish Parliamentary Union.

■ There are, of course, "Troubles" and troubles. Albert Reynolds, the amiable former dance-band entrepreneur who is Ireland's Taoiseach or Prime Minister, fell foul of Ireland's rising feminism while I was in Dublin. Replying to a woman parliamentarian who persistently interrupted him, he burst out: "There's women today for ye."

The usual uproar followed—sexism, stereotyping, etc.—poison to the ears of media advisors like his spokesman, Sean Duignan, another old RTE pal.

But when I had a drink with Sean, I was able to give him a crumb of comfort. The London *Sunday Times* had reported that violent crime committed

by women has risen 250 per cent in the last twenty years. Gangs of young female drug dealers run drug rackets in British public housing. One said matter-of-factly that she would never go out without a knife, a gun, or, at the very least, a machete.

"There's women today for ye," I pointed out to Sean. His boss could use these statistics to show himself a moderate on the Woman Question. Sean said he would get back to me.

■ I quote elsewhere in this issue a very effective putdown of the Reverend Ian Paisley, the Ulster Protestant MP, who was suspended from the House of Commons for accusing the British government of lying about its negotiations with the IRA.

The Fairness Doctrine compels me to report a no less effective putdown he inflicted on an RTE colleague twenty years ago. The young reporter, catching him after a speech, began: "Just now, Dr. Paisley, you said that violence would be justified to defend the Union." (Or some such thing.)

"I said nothing of the sort, young man," bellowed the Doctor. And leaning forward suspiciously, he added: "Let me smell your breath."

■ If you want to read full details of the Clinton scandals, don't bother with the U.S. heavyweight press, which has reluctantly published the minimum, and shows no interest in discovering more. Take out a comprehensive subscription to the British press.

The *Daily Mail* ran a photograph of the young woman whom the President telephoned at interminable length. The *Daily Telegraph* front-paged a report that *The American Spectator* had been burgled (Watergate hinted at). *The Times* published a full-page extract of David Brock's article. As for Rupert Murdoch's *Sun* . . .

But you don't want to hear about that—not if you are a liberal journalist on a metropolitan newspaper.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Turning Dreams into Realities



The "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program encourages student athletes to take the lessons learned on the football field today and teach children in the classrooms tomorrow.

Encouraging Student Athletes to Become Teachers

During his three years as nose guard on Louisiana State University's football team, John Mawae came to know the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. But nothing moved him more than working with disabled children in a Special Olympics held at LSU. "Seeing those kids realize their dreams against all odds really got to me," Mawae recalls. "I knew then what I wanted to do: help kids like them realize their dreams."

Mawae will get that chance, thanks in part to the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program created by the College Football Association (CFA) and sponsored by Hitachi, Ltd. Started last academic year, the program awards \$335,000 in scholarships at the 67 CFA member universities. At each university, a \$5,000 scholarship is awarded to an outstanding senior or graduate student who intends to become a teacher and has participated in the school's football program as a player, trainer, or manager. Mawae, a 1992 scholarship recipient, intends

to use his grant to pursue a career teaching kids with special needs.

"Teaching plays an important but undervalued role in society," says Charles M. Neinas, the CFA's executive director. "We'd like to encourage more student athletes to pursue this field, because we think that what they learn on the football field helps to make them effective teachers in the classroom."

Nicole Hagner, a recent University of Pittsburgh graduate, agrees. "Athletics teaches you that it's possible to turn the right dream into a reality through hard work, discipline and teamwork. I'd like to bring that lesson to the classroom," she says.

Hagner, who served as a student trainer on Pitt's football team, plans to use



Nicole Hagner, University of Pittsburgh graduate and 1992 scholarship recipient.

her grant to become certified as a high school biology teacher.

As college football fans and parents of school-age children, we are proud to be a part of the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program. We hope that it helps more student athletes like John and Nicole to realize their dreams of becoming teachers.

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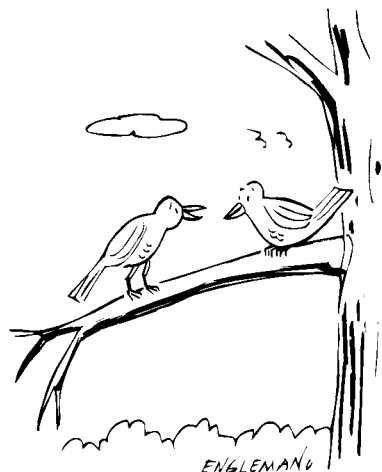
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■ Can the **Clintons** pull it off? A *New York Times* sampling on prospects for passage of Clinton health-care plan indicates lots of important people on the Hill don't think so. Health and Human Services Secretary **Donna Shalala**, as could be expected, has no doubts: "The bill that eventually will pass will parallel the Administration's proposal quite closely." Not so, says Rep. **Dick Armey** (Tex.), Chairman of Republican Conference: "Members of Congress cannot go home and defend a vote for a nightmarish bureaucratic infrastructure or job-killing mandates like those in the Clinton bill." Sen. **Nancy Kassebaum** (Kan.), a Republican moderate, guesses "something less than a comprehensive approach will be designed in incremental steps. It will be portrayed as containing enough of what the President wanted so he will proclaim victory." . . . Minority Leader **Bob Dole**, who once thought GOP should offer alternative plan to Clinton monstrosity, has been won over by **Bill Kristol's** Project for Republican Future. Dole now says there's no health crisis and that GOP's main goal should be to defeat Clinton bill, and then reform current system. . . . Americans for Tax Reform is mailing 50,000 "Go to Jail" cards in order to highlight penalties in health plan. ATF's **Grover Norquist** explains that ordinary citizens could go to jail for trying to go around rules of plan in order to seek better care—i.e., acting as they do now. . . . Rep. **James Inhofe** (R., Okla.) plans to use discharge petition to get vote on balanced-budget amendment.

■ At year's end, 26 House members say they will either retire or run for other office. At this point in last election cycle, only 16 had made similar announcement—but by Election Day 1992, 65 had dropped out. . . . NBC News poll finds 52 per cent of electorate want a new representative; 34 per cent want theirs re-elected. . . . Iowa Rep. **Jim Nussle** (R.) and N.H. Sen.

Bob Smith (R.) were Clinton's most active foes in House and Senate, voting against him 83 and 89 per cent last year, reports *Congressional Quarterly*. Among Democrats, least loyal to President: La. Rep. **Billy Tauzin** (52 per cent) and Ala. Sen. **Richard Shelby** (54 per cent). Among Senate Democrats next most disloyal was **Ernest Hollings** (S.C.), who voted against Prez 27 per cent. Five Republicans most supportive: **John Chafee** (R.I.), **Dave Durenberger** (Minn.), **James Jeffords** (Vt.), **Nancy Kassebaum** (Kan.), and **Arlen Specter** (Pa.). Loyalty of House Speaker **Tom Foley**? 100 per cent.

■ One thing is sure about **Bill Clinton** and **Warren Christopher's** trip to Russia and Eastern Europe this week: it won't be smooth. The ever-caustic **Mary McGrory** feels that on this trip Clinton "is earning his learner's permit to drive foreign policy, and people are nervous." . . . Most nervous is Polish President **Lech Walesa**, who in front-page interview in *Washington Post* pleaded with U.S. Administration to urge European allies to let Poland, Hungary, and Czech Republic into NATO now. Walesa



"Next time we fly south for the winter, let's stay there."

warns there is danger of re-emergence of a Soviet bloc, and he fears for his country's independence. "We are a small bite for Russia," he says, warning against the kind of appeasement that brought about Poland's destruction in 1939. "We are just on the way to a tastier bite. We are not in danger. The West is. If the West allows small things like this today, it will allow bigger things tomorrow." . . . German Foreign Minister **Klaus Kinkel** favors integration of Central Europe into NATO, as does Czech President **Vaclav Havel**. But **Strobe Talbott**, State's new Number Two man, is against expansion of NATO and has brought Christopher and Clinton to his way of thinking, which is that it might embarrass **Boris Yeltsin**, as he struggles with **Zhirinovsky** problem. . . . Whatever else he believes, says, or wants to do, Vladimir Zhirinovsky was once KGB cadre specializing in infiltrating Turkish and Zionist organizations. . . . Real business of new Canadian Prime Minister **Jean Chrétien** will be trimming welfare budget, which has doubled in past four years. According to the OECD, Canada has overtaken Sweden as having the highest per-capita health spending among countries with such systems.

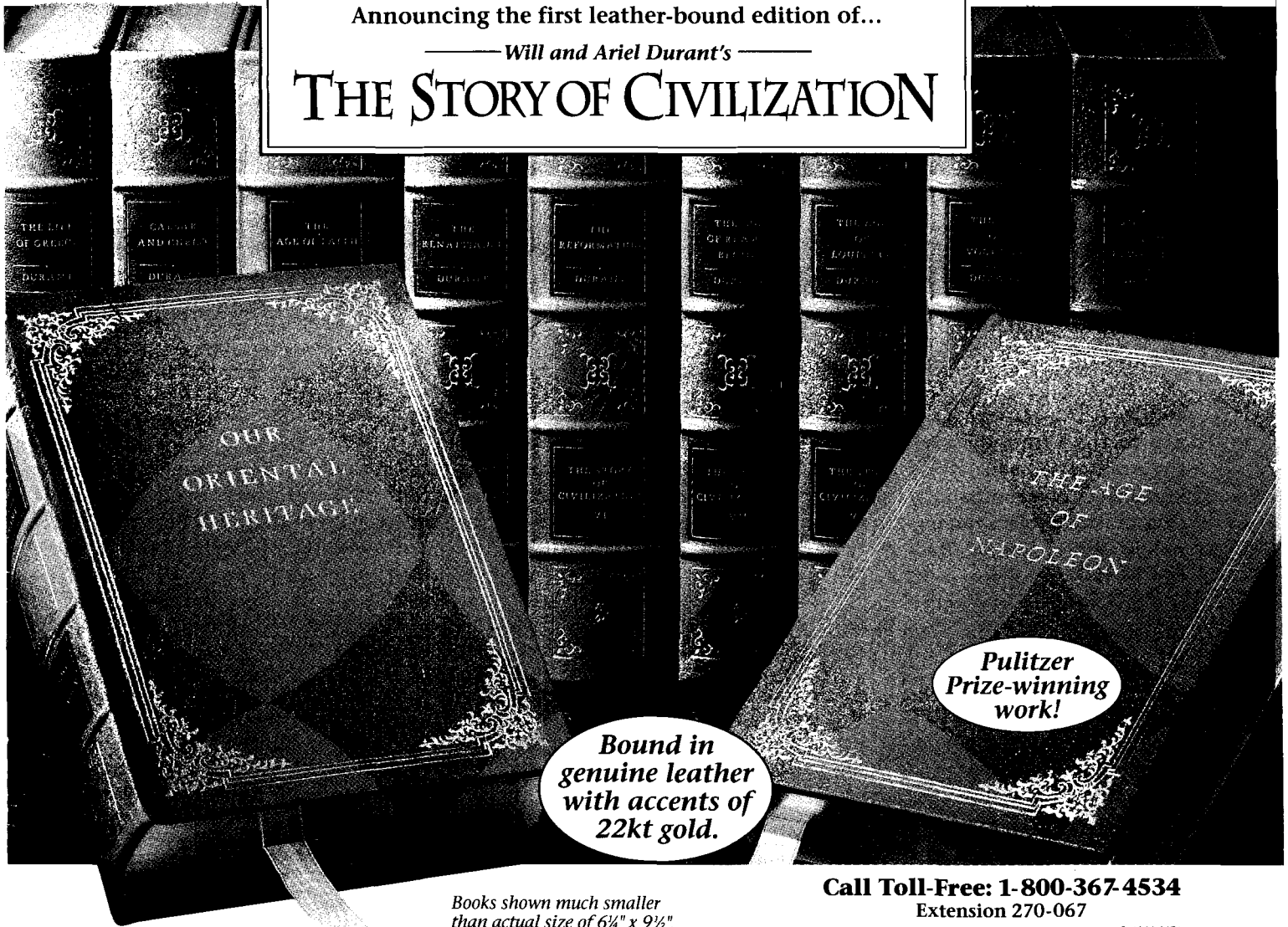
■ Russian-American Press Center in Moscow was started with help from Americans last year in order to teach Russian press about practices of Western journalism. Chairman is *Foreign Affairs* editor **James Hoge**. . . . National Journalism Center is accepting applications for 12-week internship session, which begins Feb. 4; application deadline is Jan. 31. Contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Mal Kline**, or **Piper Lowell** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; tel.: 202-544-1333. . . . Sixteenth annual **Publius** Fellow program in political journalism offered by Claremont Institute to run June 27–Aug. 5. Contact Claremont at 250 West First St., Suite 330, Claremont, Calif. 91711; tel.: 909-621-6825. . . . *NR* senior editor **Jeffrey Hart** is working on a study of Politically Incorrect Jokes. If any reader knows a good one, Prof. Hart would like to hear it. Send c/o *NR*.

■ Sen. **Edward Kennedy**, dressed as Barney the dinosaur at office Christmas party, dubbed himself "Tyrannosaurus Sex," as he took off mask.

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THE WEEK

■ Maybe President Clinton really intended to fire Warren Christopher, but forgot his name.

■ Strobe Talbott was a natural candidate for high office in the Clinton State Department, especially in the area of Russian affairs, given his almost unbroken streak of wrong analysis and wrong prognostication on the subject during his many years as a journalist. When Ronald Reagan took a firm line with the Soviets in arms control, Mr. Talbott predicted the end of arms control (if not of civilization); when the Soviets cried uncle, he gave Mikhail Gorbachev all the credit and thought President Reagan had only gotten in the way. But in the intellectual vacuum that is the Clinton State Department, Mr. Talbott has turned out to be a dominant figure. As ambassador-at-large for the former Soviet Union, he has been the intellectual force behind the Administration's support for Boris Yeltsin (which we agree with) but also behind its reluctance to extend a security guarantee to the new East European democracies (which we like a lot less). Even our West European allies have been left on the sidelines, as we assiduously cultivate the Russian bear. So as Mr. Talbott moves to become Warren Christopher's Number Two (and perhaps ultimately his successor), a man who is energetically wrong may replace someone who is lackadaisically so.

■ The denouement of the Ed Rollins affair has taken a suitably screwball turn. The New Jersey legislature has passed a law forbidding the sort of election-day cash payments Mr. Rollins supposedly used to lessen black turnout—to the outrage of just about everyone, especially leaders of the black community. The New Jersey NAACP has denounced the legislature's cash ban as a "sophisticated method of voter suppression" that would "prevent many individuals in the black community from participating in the electoral process." Let's get this straight: Ed Rollins stole the election by buying off black votes with money blacks never took but would have been fully justified in

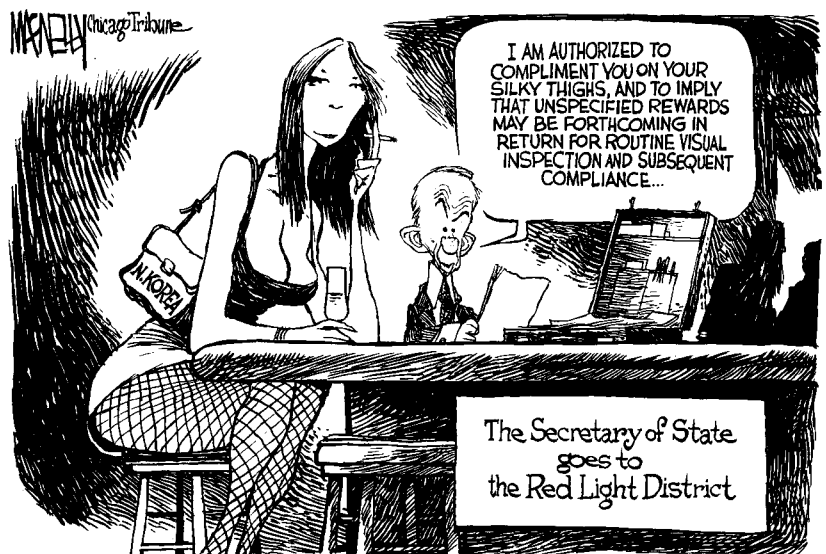
taking and, indeed, should not be denied the opportunity of taking in the future. Makes you yearn for the days of "honest graft."

■ The President of the United States can be expected to turn up from time to time on *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation*. But Bill Clinton could become the first to appear on *The Love Connection*.

■ Just why some people, including Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, are pressing for an early release of Jonathan Pollard remains a mystery to us. Pollard was convicted in 1987 of spying for Israel. According to the prosecution, he compromised a breadth and volume of classified information as great as in any other reported espionage case and adversely affected U.S. interests vis-à-vis many countries, including, potentially, the Soviet Union. According to then Secretary of Defense Les Aspin, even in prison Pollard has continued to engage in the transmission of espionage data. Pollard has been a multiple betrayer. He betrayed his fellow seamen, the U.S. Navy, the oath he took when he was inducted, and his country. He has done nothing to justify leniency. Why should he be the sole prison beneficiary of the peace that has broken out between the U.S. and the former Soviet Union and, more uncertainly, between Israel and the Palestinians?

■ President Clinton donned camouflage fatigues, sat in a duck blind for two hours, and shot a duck to prove that, while he favors gun control, he's sympathetic to hunters. We hear he wrote to the dead duck's next-of-kin saying he feels their pain, and expressing some sense of fellow-feeling.

■ Two steps forward. One step backward. This formula saved the GATT negotiations from ignominious failure. At the last minute the U.S. caved in to



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European farmers and agreed to raise the permitted level of subsidized EC grain exports. Japan dropped its long-standing ban on rice imports, but refused to lower more substantive trade barriers. The U.S., where markets are generally less protected than elsewhere, agreed only to phase out textile quotas over ten years. Makers of pharmaceuticals, construction equipment, medical supplies, paper, and steel will benefit immediately from the Geneva agreement. The tariff-free share of such goods will more than double, to 44 per cent from 21 per cent. But for the growth industries of the next quarter-century—telecommunications, financial services, biotechnology, software, and audiovisual productions—this agreement merely establishes the “principle” that GATT rules apply. Nor is there much chance that the Multilateral Trade Organization, the new Euro-bureaucracy created by the agreement, will quickly rule on these matters. But we quibble. Warts and all, this agreement ensures that national borders will resemble highways rather than walls.

■ After being barred from Germany and kicked out of Bulgaria, Russian ultra-nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy may need an image change as he heads toward 1996. Rumor is he’s asked the U.S. Embassy for David Gergen’s phone number.

■ A recent survey by the National Center for Health Statistics found that in a sample of 7,992 Americans, just 29, or about 0.36 per cent, were HIV positive. That puts the number for the nation somewhere between 300,000 and 1 million, confirming the belief of the Centers for Disease Control that infections from the virus have hit a plateau. Michael Fumento, whose 1989 *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* was widely reviled for arguing exactly this (“Why is the CDC reticent about relying on its mathematical projections through 1993? Could it be that the epidemic would peak in that year or before?”), shouldn’t expect any apologies from those who maintained the opposite, like the sex therapists Masters and Johnson (“We face a mounting death toll . . . that will be the most formidable the world has ever seen”). For the purveyors of polite opinion, Mr. Fumento was wrong from the start; that the facts

now support him just makes him all the more inconvenient—and all the more wrong.

■ Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders’s recent musings about legalizing drugs edge her over in the direction of William F. Buckley Jr. and Milton Friedman. That sound you hear is Hell freezing over.

■ Nestled in the back pages of many newspapers is an ombudsman, there to question his paper’s coverage and cajole its editors. Now a sort of ombudsman-at-large has skipped the inside news pages and hit the newsstands—the *Forbes MediaCritic*. Edited by Terry Eastland, the quarterly is pledged to breaking the story when the press misses, distorts, or botches it. The inaugural issue—featuring pieces on the trend in newspapers toward quoting by quota (it’s called “mainstreaming”) and the media’s failure to cover Bill Clinton’s gay-ban pledge during the campaign—exemplifies the kind of journalism it demands: probing and factual. Shoddy journalists beware; someone’s taking notes.

■ On Monday, January 10, ABC News is broadcasting a powerful reminiscence of the Vietnam War. Spread over three programs (*World News Tonight*, *Day One*, and *Nightline*) is an account of the November 1965 battle of Ia Drang Valley, which was one of the Americans’ earliest and bloodiest tastes of combat in that war. One veteran of Ia Drang is ABC correspondent Jack Smith, son of Howard K. Smith, who as a 19-year-old private suffered major wounds and was left for dead when the North Vietnamese overran his unit. Mr. Smith, some fellow vets, and a film crew were permitted to revisit the battlefield a few months ago—along with the North Vietnamese commanders. But if you’re looking for touchy-feely “reconciliation with Hanoi” propaganda, don’t look here. What comes through is the extraordinary bravery of the GIs, the harrowing ordeal they went through, and their lingering bitterness at the sacrifices that were made in a war that our government did not know how to win.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW regrets its failure last issue to wish you a Merry Kwanzaa. We were alone in the press: almost every other media organization paid tribute to the “African-inspired holiday.” For anyone still in the dark, Kwanzaa was concocted in 1966 by a professor of black studies at Cal State Long Beach; it marks seven days representing seven principles which, depending on how you construe them, are either meaningless or vaguely socialistic. Expressed in Swahili, the principles include *umoja* (unity), *ujima* (collective work and responsibility), and *ujamaa* (co-operative economics). In Boston a white woman named Marie Doubleday made headlines when, owing to her race, she was denied entrance to a

God Bless CNN

Though Krafft-Ebing it isn’t, perusing
The American Spectator’s musing

On sexual capers

Too hot for the papers

Beats pool, dirty movies, and boozing

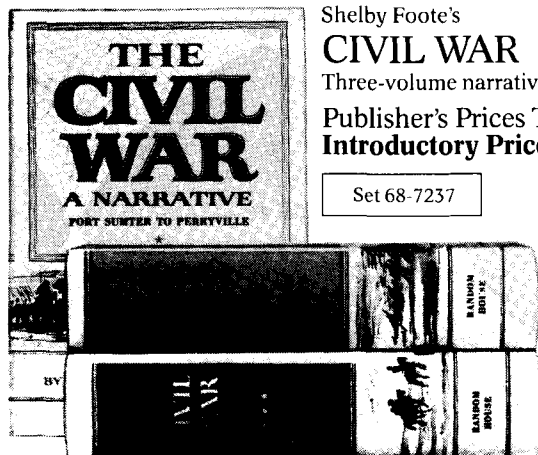
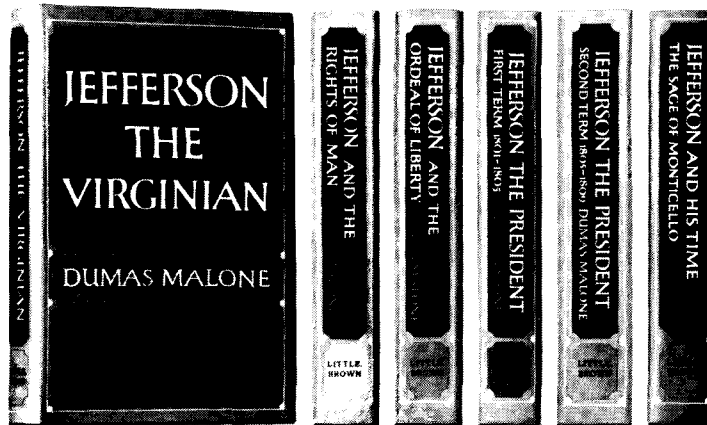
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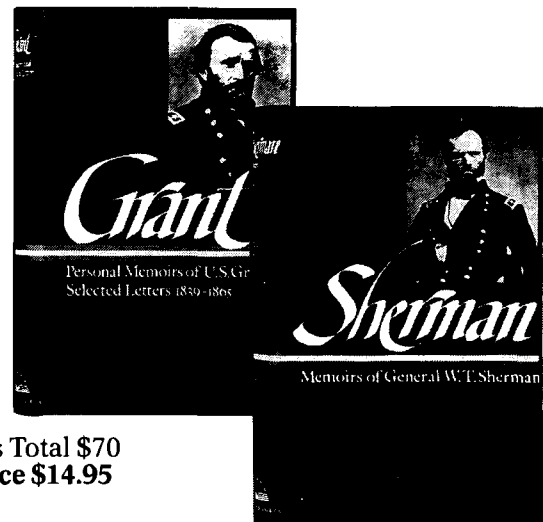
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Kwanzaa celebration. While, candidly, we can't say the holiday season found any of us seeking admittance to Kwanzaa events, we understand President Clinton's new domestic-policy drive as an attempt to share the spirit of Kwanzaa with all the nation.

■ A feminist group, the Barbie Liberation Organization, has switched the voice boxes on three hundred G.I. Joe and Barbie dolls so that G.I. Joe says such things as "Let's go shopping" and Barbie says, "Dead men tell no lies." We wonder if these are the same people who pulled a switch during the 1992 presidential campaign to make Bill Clinton sound like a moderate.

Clinton in Europe

WHATEVER the trade statistics show about the economic importance of the Pacific, geopolitical fundamentals teach us that Europe is still the fulcrum of the global balance. Thus, President Clinton's trip to a NATO Summit in Brussels this month is as welcome as his neglect of Europe in his first year was unconscionable.

Despite all the clichés about NATO's obsolescence now that the USSR has disappeared, the Atlantic Alliance is the natural partnership of the Western democracies, the forum of friends we turn to when a big problem looms. It also institutionalizes the U.S. security presence in Europe, which is geopolitically essential when all the smaller nations of both Western and Eastern Europe worry about a resurgent Russia, a more powerful Germany, and new sources of instability in much of the continent.

The most important thing the President can do in Brussels is reaffirm the U.S. security commitment to Europe, which his neglect, defense-budget cuts, and troop withdrawals have called into question. He needs to state categorically that the Alliance remains the cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy—that we will adapt it to new tasks, share responsibility in new ways, etc., but not allow it to be dissolved in fuzzy notions of pan-European harmony that presuppose an Atlantic-to-the-Urals utopia.

A key topic at the NATO Summit is how to ensure the security of the four new democracies of Eastern Europe (Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia) which now clamor for NATO membership. The Administration's proposal—the "Partnership for Peace"—is not an adequate answer: it offers them only a vague future possibility of membership conditioned on their internal evolution, and it makes the same offer to Russia, the very country against which the East Europeans seek reassurance. The President has an opportunity in Brussels—and in his visit to Prague—finally to make clear that the U.S. under-

stands the real security issues that the East Europeans face. He must declare that NATO will view any threat to Eastern Europe as a threat to itself. If the "Partnership for Peace" can turn into a cover for de facto defense cooperation between Eastern Europe and NATO, it will redeem itself.

If we are afraid to declare that stake, we are either leaving a dangerous ambiguity about Eastern Europe's status, or else we are consigning the East Europeans to the Russian sphere of influence in another Yalta. History's lesson is that the West *has* a vital stake in Eastern Europe's independence and freedom whether we want to acknowledge it or not. Refusing to acknowledge it will invite conflict. Mr. Clinton's onward visit to Moscow is likewise a chance to correct impressions of U.S. policy that have so far been harmful. We must do two things simultaneously: back Yeltsin and the reformers—though not in the crass, counter-productive way described by Mark Almond in this issue—and draw some firm lines with respect to Russia's external policies, especially in Eastern Europe and the Baltics. Yeltsin—and especially his military—must understand that preservation of the new status quo in Eastern Europe is the sine qua non of any relationship with the West. Ukraine and Georgia are borderline cases: they are not plausible candidates for NATO membership, but a restoration of Russian hegemony there would have ominous implications for Eastern Europe. If the first line of defense against future problems with Russia is Russian democracy, the second is the independence of all the new states of the former Soviet empire. In this regard, Mr. Clinton would have been wise to show the flag in some other republics of the former USSR. His choice to visit Belarus—the republic most subservient to Russia—is a terrible signal to everyone in the region that he still doesn't get it.

Of Banking and Bimbos

WHEN you hear the words "tennis ball," what do you immediately think of? a) Tennis racket, b) tennis court, c) garden hose? If you answered a) or b), then you are one of the few who have not read David Brock's report on Bill Clinton's sexual escapades in *The American Spectator*.

Governor Clinton spent a fair portion of the 1992 campaign, as Mr. Brock began his piece by observing, coping with "bimbo eruptions." What Mr. Brock faced after his piece appeared was pundit eruptions, as sober journalists across the spectrum, from the Left to the Left, furrowed their brows at his irresponsibility. No one said outright that Mr. Brock's story was false; instead that it was sleazy, uncorroborated, irrelevant to government.

Sleazy it was. But if it was also true, whose fault is that? Was it true? It was certainly corroborated. The Arkansas state troopers, four in all, confirmed one another's accounts in part—as well as the earlier allegations of Gennifer Flowers. If they are only partly reliable, how reliable does that make Bill

Clinton, who told *Nightline* in 1992 that Gennifer Flowers was a woman he had “never” slept with? And is it really the case that honesty, fidelity, and trustworthiness are irrelevant to government? As one critic of the Brock story, Michael Kinsley, concedes, it would be a direct deception of the American

RIGHT DATA

Dire States?

DESPITE years of budget cuts and tax hikes, state and local governments are still in financial turmoil. In 1985 these governments had a combined budget surplus of \$56.1 billion, equaling 12 per cent of total state and local spending. By 1992 that cushion had shrunk to \$15.5 billion, equaling less than 2 per cent of spending. When you look at current operations, netting out the surpluses accumulated by employee pension systems, these governments have swung from surpluses to large deficits:

STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT FINANCES
(Dollars in Billions)

	Total Spending	Budget Surplus Or Deficit		Federal Grants To States & Localities	
		Total	Current Operations	Total	Medicaid's Share
1980	\$336.7	\$24.7	\$ -2.2	\$ 91.5	17.2%
1985	472.6	56.1	9.2	105.9	23.1
1990	699.2	30.1	-32.9	135.4	32.4
1991	760.7	17.1	-43.1	152.0	36.7
1992	822.3	15.5	-42.1	178.3	40.1
% Change:					
1980-90	107.6	21.9	1,395.5	48.0	
1990-92	17.6	-48.6	28.0	31.7	

Source: Dept. of Commerce, OMB.

While state and local officials are hardly blameless, much of the deterioration reflects burdens imposed on them by the Federal Government. To be sure, Washington picks up half the tab, but it also adds mandatory provisions. In 1990 states were required to extend Medicaid coverage to all poor children under the age of 19, not just those in AFDC families. The year before, Congress forced the states to provide Medicaid to pregnant women and children up to age six in families with incomes up to 133 per cent of the official poverty line. As a result, Medicaid now consumes 15 per cent of all state spending, and will take an astonishing 28 per cent by 1995, according to the National Governors' Association.

Medicaid and AFDC are but the largest of more than five hundred grant-in-aid programs. In theory, localities can refuse to participate: Wisconsin's Governor Tommy Thompson recently announced that the state would drop out of AFDC. In practice, the “buy one, get one free” temptation has proved irresistible. The dollar volume of these grants grew by 32 per cent between 1990 and 1992, far outpacing growth in state and local spending (18 per cent) and total federal spending (15 per cent).

If grants-in-aid are the carrot, federal regulations are the stick. The Reagan Administration made deregulation a major goal, and yet, despite early successes, at the end of the decade state and

local governments had to cope with an additional 27 significant regulatory statutes or amendments. By contrast, only 22 such laws were enacted in the 1970s, according to a survey conducted by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations.

States were forced to allow longer and heavier trucks onto their highways and to raise the minimum drinking age to 21. The Department of Agriculture created new requirements for meat-packing plants, and had the states monitor and enforce them. Mass-transit systems risked losing all federal funding if they did not begin retrofitting their equipment to achieve “total accessibility for the handicapped.”

The EPA puts the cost of the 1987 Safe Drinking Water Amendments at \$84 billion, with billions more needed to operate and maintain new municipal wastewater plants. Small cities may have to pay up to \$3,200 per year *per household* to reduce the 86 new contaminants listed in the act.

Supporters of the new mandates claim that they are needed to correct state and local failures. Really? The alleged benefits are often minuscule compared to the costs. The estimates for one mandate—the EPA's ban on asbestos—run as high as \$200 billion. Yet a 1988 Harvard symposium ranked the risk of dying from asbestos at one-third the risk of being hit by lightning.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

people if Mr. Clinton had indeed campaigned on an implicit promise to reform his private life only to embark on fresh affairs as soon as the election was won. We would add that if even half the Brock allegations are true, then the *60 Minutes* program on which he and Mrs. Clinton presented themselves as a couple who had restored their marriage was a calculated deception in which she joined.

Liberal journalists, usually patrons of the culture of exposure, have recoiled from this story in maidenly disgust. Since NATIONAL REVIEW has passed up opportunities in recent years to break sexual scandals about partisan opponents, we would share their view—if they really held to it. But they have been happy enough to throw dirt at conservatives: the media savaged John Tower for sins much less corroborated than Mr. Clinton's, and the *New York Times* played Kitty Kelley's scurrilous absurdities concerning Nancy Reagan on page one. When the victim is the New Age good ol' boy they know from Renaissance Weekends, however, they close ranks. If the discovery that two can play at that game persuades them to sign a mutual sexual disarmament pact, as Pat Buchanan has suggested, that would be no bad thing. It is almost wearying to say that there is ingrained hypocrisy and bias here; but the weariness arises not because conservatives keep making the point, but because liberals keep justifying it.

Mr. Brock did, however, force his critics to pay serious attention to what columnist William Safire and the *Wall Street Journal* have established as "Whitewatergate"—if only to demonstrate that they were not wholly in the President's hip pocket. This cat's cradle of loans and deals reduces to one basic thread: Did the Clintons, as governor and high-powered lawyer, shelter a failing S&L whose owner funneled loans, possibly illegal, to local pols, including the governor? Even those newspapers which show a selective disdain for hormones have given Whitewatergate big play, on the high-sounding grounds that this is not tabloid journalism, but a "real" story. But the alleged offenses in this story may spring from the same source as those in Mr. Brock's: the arrogance that persuades Mr. Clinton he can charm his way out of any impropriety. The banking and the bimbos thus reinforce each other.

Another Weak Reed

Mr. Talbott, the new Number Two,
Will advise Mr. Christopher, who
Likes to march up a hill
Just like Louis, until
Voices tell him it's time to skidoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bill Clinton has shown a cat's ability to survive sudden falls. But each fall erodes his cushion of popular support. Ronald Reagan survived Iran-Contra largely because of a decades-long record of earnestness and honesty. The time will come when something goes wrong for Mr. Clinton, and he has nothing under him but concrete.

Still Bad Law

WILL AN investigation of Whitewatergate be that concrete? Probably not. We see a Congress intent on avoiding either hearings or investigations. What should be done?

Although we continue to believe the law permitting the appointment of a special prosecutor is a constitutional abomination that should be repealed, we believe that if ever such an appointment is warranted, it is when the President of the United States himself is being investigated. The case is strengthened here by the questionable conduct of the Justice Department: its unseemly resistance to outside counsel, its curious actions in removing documents from the office of Vincent Foster immediately after his suicide. The attorney general's assertion that a special prosecutor is unnecessary because her own investigation is being handled by "career prosecutors" is disingenuous; these prosecutors are under her control.

To repeat: if there is any justification whatsoever for a special prosecutor, this case provides it. From which it follows that if one is not appointed now, there can be no justification for another in the future. Let the Democrats be held to a clear choice: either appoint a special prosecutor to investigate the President, or repeal the law. We favor the second course, and regret the Republican leadership has yielded to the understandable temptation to go after Mr. Clinton by means they were recently reviling as unconstitutional. Still, in any hypocrisy stakes, the Democrats win hands down.

Unwillingly to School

THIS MONTH, the Senate will vote on the first of the Clinton Administration's two big education bills, the House having okayed its own horrendous version in October. Both chambers will also take up the second measure early in the year. Each bill will make mischief. But the combination of the two will thrust Washington deep into decisions about what American schools teach, and how—auguring a new regimen of political correctness as early as third grade.

This prospect begins with the measure known as "Goals 2000," which will create a national mechanism to "certify" standards. While schools would surely benefit from standards against which performance can be judged—their absence is a leading

cause of our educational meltdown—the devil lurks in the specifics. For example, each state must create—and have approved by the Secretary of Education—"a process for developing, adopting, or recommending instructional materials, including gender

GUEST EDITORIAL

"We look back to that era now, and we long for a—I even made a crack the other day. I said, 'Gosh, I miss the Cold War.' It was a joke, I mean, I don't really miss it, but you get the joke."

—President Clinton, interview with the Washington Post, Oct. 15, 1993

IT IS not really a joke. It is an alibi. When the Clinton Administration runs into trouble abroad—debacle in Somalia, humiliation in Haiti, dithering over Bosnia—it likes to preface its list of extenuations with: Of course, we no longer have the easy divisions of the Cold War to make things clear and crisp and simple. Things are so much harder now.

So clear and crisp and simple? Curious. During the Cold War, liberals claimed that things were not so simple, that only ideologues and dimwits—Ronald Reagan, for example—insisted on seeing the world through the prism of the Cold War.

Now they tell us how clear and clarifying it was. "We had an intellectually coherent thing," said Clinton. "The American people knew what the rules were and when we did whatever." How about when we did Vietnam? Vietnam, fought under the theory of containment enunciated first by Harry Truman in 1947, was the quintessential Cold War engagement. It was also the most divisive.

At the time, Bill Clinton called it "a war I opposed and despised with a depth of feeling I have reserved solely for racism in America." Yet in the 1972 election, the winner by a landslide was Richard Nixon, war President. Same war. Clinton had a clarity of vision about the war no less certain than Nixon's—only diametrically opposed.

To hear the blather about Cold War consensus, one would think that the Eighties never happened. At every turn, on every issue for which there presumably was one simple, knee-jerk, anti-Soviet answer—MX, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Grenada, "Euromissile" deployment—there was deep division. And practically every time, liberals, so wistful now for the easy choices of yore, made the wrong choice.

In the Seventies, for example, the Soviets aggressively deployed medium-range Euromissiles designed to intimidate and neutralize Western Eu-

rope. It was a clear-cut challenge. The correct response was equally clear-cut: a NATO counterdeployment of comparable medium-range missiles.

Reagan and Thatcher and Kohl pulled it off. But not without enormous resistance. In America the resistance took the form of a nuclear-freeze movement that would have frozen Soviet missiles in place and frozen NATO's out.

Where were the Democrats on this one? They forced a nuclear-freeze resolution through the House, 278 to 149. Their central idea—if one can speak of a hysteria in terms of ideas—was that Reagan was blinded by his Cold War anti-Sovietism. The real enemy, they insisted, was not Communism but the nuclear weapons themselves.

Similarly on the other great Cold War issue, Third World revolution: The real enemy, the Democrats protested, was not Communism but deprivation. "If Central America were not racked with injustices, there would be no revolution," said the Democrats in a 1983 televised address opposing military aid to El Salvador. "There would be nothing for the Soviets to exploit. But unless those oppressive conditions change, that region will continue to seethe with revolution—with or without the Soviets."

As history has demonstrated: wrong. No one would dare claim that in Central America poverty and injustice are gone. But the region no longer seethes with revolution. What happened? Injustice did not disappear. The Soviets did, and with them the sinews and romance of social revolution.

The evil empire *was* the enemy. That was the central tenet of American Cold Warriors. Liberals deplored such talk as crude Manichaeism. Now, after twenty years of deriding anti-Communists for being blinded by the Soviet threat, they wistfully recall how the Soviet threat brilliantly illuminated the foreign-policy landscape. Ah, the Golden Age when everything was easy and we all joined hands in the Cold War battles of Vietnam and Nicaragua and the Euromissiles.

Yesterday, Cold Warrior was a liberal epithet. Today, everyone pretends to have been one. My father, who had a Frenchman's appreciation for cynicism, had a term for this kind of after-battle résumé revision. *Maquis d'après-guerre*: resistance fighter, postwar.

—CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

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equitable and multicultural materials." This will thrust the Federal Government, for the first time, into textbook selection and approval.

But curriculum is just the beginning. The menu of "standards" will also specify sundry "inputs," resources, and practices. The twenty-member council empowered to "certify" them will be appointed by the President and congressional leadership, and consist primarily of "experts" and what Washington now calls "stakeholders." It's not hard to imagine what agendas they'll pursue.

Faced by understandable concern—especially from state governors—the Administration and its supporters have begun to deny reality. They claim that states will remain free to decide whether to bring their standards to the new board for approval, even whether to draft them in the first place. But federal control can take many forms. Naked regulation is just one. Sticks accompanying the carrot of Washington dollars are a subtler form of coercion.

Which brings us to the second Administration bill, known as the "Improving America's Schools Act." It re-authorizes the "Chapter One" program, the largest source of federal funds for primary and secondary education, amounting to some \$7 billion a year. The money is intended for tutoring and other compensatory services for poor youngsters, but the gnarled formula by which it is parceled out sends funds to practically every municipality in the land. Changing that formula is a hot political issue—and the White House deserves credit for confronting it. But buried in the fine print of this immense bill are numerous provisions spelling out what a state or locality must do to get its share of the lucre.

The key provisions are found in portions of the bill detailing the "state plan" that each jurisdiction must submit—and get okayed by the Secretary of Education—before any money flows. Such plans must include statewide standards for curricular content, student testing, and the means by which education is delivered. The standards must be binding on all local school systems that share in the federal aid. While Secretary Richard Riley, himself a thoughtful

ex-governor, will tend to tread lightly, plenty of other Education Department denizens will use their new leverage for everything imaginable.

Some states have embarked on bold attempts at real reform, through parental choice, "charter" schools, and so on—ideas that are anathema to the Administration, Congress, and the education establishment. How long will these kinds of educational reforms survive Washington's new powers?

—CHESTER E. FINN JR.

Rising Sunset?

IN A recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, James Fallows describes with enthusiasm the symbiotic relationship between the Japanese government and Japanese industry. To it he juxtaposes American free-market theory, using as an example Silicon Valley and the U.S. semiconductor industry. Through the late 1970s, American companies dominated chip production and the manufacture of equipment used to make semi chips. By the early 1980s, Japanese companies were producing more semiconductor products than their American counterparts. How come? Mr. Fallows thinks the Japanese government ensured the success of Japan's computer industry by subsidizing research and development, shielding the industry from foreign competition, and providing troubled companies with easy access to capital. He concludes: "When the American industry was doing everything right according to American economic theory, it began to collapse. When European, Japanese, and Korean producers broke all the rules of American 'market rationality,' they started to pull ahead."

Mr. Fallows, of course, is making a wider point; but it is worth noting that Japan's computer industry has recently faltered in its competition with ours. In fact, Karl Zinsmeister notes in *Policy Review* that American companies are now using superior manufacturing techniques and speedier product cycles to reclaim markets once thought lost to the Japanese. Andrew Grove, CEO of Intel Corporation, says, "In the mid 1980s, people like me were fearing that Japanese companies would take over the U.S. personal-computer market in no time. Today, I find them surprisingly ineffective."

But the myth of Japanese success has been surprisingly effective as a motor of U.S. industrial policy. Mr. Clinton's chief economic advisor, Laura D'Andrea Tyson, says the "Japanese example may well provide the prescription . . . for our own economic revival." Alan Blinder, a Clinton appointee to the Council of Economic Advisors, argues that "[our] interest in Japan's alternative way of organizing a market economy should be greater than ever before."

Cats Are Sensitive

Consider Socks, the White House cat,
Who throws up on the bathroom mat,
The kitchen tile, and (which is why
He's in the cellar) trousers, tie,
Upholstery, broadloom, and parquet,
Though any upstairs maid would say
This tendency to upchuck is
Because of daddy's monkey biz.

W. H. VON DREELE

And a 1991 *Harvard Business Review* poll found that 74 per cent of business managers think our government should help companies doing business overseas.

So, what did the Japanese in fact do to make their economy such an extraordinary success? Mr. Zinsmeister mentions the popular myth that the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) is behind Japan's spectacular rise. MITI bureaucrats target potentially successful industries, set production quotas, and distribute subsidies. A closer look at MITI and other government ministries, however, suggests that Japanese industry has succeeded in spite of, not because of, central planning.

For example, in the 1950s, MITI almost strangled Japan's automotive and electronic industries in their cradle. Its bright idea for the auto industry was to consolidate it into one company. Fortunately for Japan, it lacked the strength to force private manufacturers to do so; today, Japan's auto builders are among the most successful companies in the world. In 1953, Sony went to MITI and asked for permission to buy transistor-manufacturing rights from Western Electric. MITI was unimpressed with both Sony and the proposed technology, and denied the request. Only after Sony's founder, Akio Morita, badgered MITI bureaucrats did they finally relent.

So much for MITI's ability to recognize a potential winner.

We would encourage American policy advisors to take a closer look at Japan before recommending establishing a MITI here. The Japanese themselves, facing major economic troubles arising from their mercantilism, are beginning to adopt market reforms, privatizing the national railway, the national airlines, and the telephone monopoly. MITI bureaucrats have seen their powers cut. As the recent World Bank report suggested, the success of East Asian economies can be ascribed to their getting the fundamentals right: they work hard, save, maintain strong families, and invest. We have more to learn from Japan's competitive school system than we do from its dirigiste industrial policy.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Linda

Re: What's Ahead

Bill: You were away when the *Wall Street Journal* published these headlines for 1994 by Christopher, who may have neglected to send you a copy if he is

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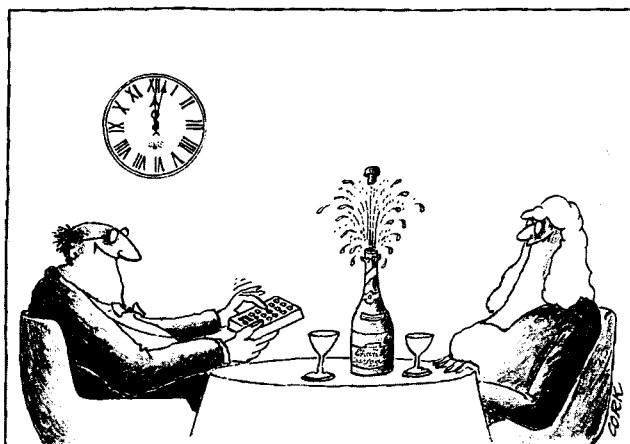
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The Capitalist's Companion

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an undutiful son. Thought you might want to share these with our readers. L.

1994—The Year in Headlines by Christopher Buckley

NORTH KOREA ATTACKS SOUTH
WITH NUCLEAR CRUISE MISSILES
Christopher Urges Caution

KEVORKIAN CRUSHED TO DEATH BY CAR
Freak Accident or 'Auto-Assisted Suicide'?
Investigators Probing Whether 'Death Doctor'
Was Sucking on Exhaust Pipe
When Brake Slipped

MENENDEZ BROTHERS SIGN MTV SITCOM DEAL
'Beverly Hills 90666' Won't Hold Punches,
But Executives Vow It Will Be 'Tasteful'

KITTY KELLEY BOOK ON ROYAL FAMILY
CLAIMS PRINCE ANDREW IS LOVE-CHILD
OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND FRANK SINATRA
Palace: 'Total Rubbish'; Monarch
And Crooner Only Met Once, Briefly

SERBS DESTROY RED CROSS ORPHANAGE
Children 'Threatened' Artillery Units,
Explains Serbian Army Commander

ENTIRE L.A. GOVERNMENT NAMED
IN HEIDI FLEISS DIARIES

\$50 MILLION IS AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA WOMAN
WHOSE BREASTS WERE ENLARGED WITH KAPOK
Settlement Seen As Having 'Chilling Effect'
On Cosmetic Surgeons Who Use Furniture Stuffing

HEIDI FLEISS FOUND DEAD IN HOME
L.A. Coroner Vows 'Rigorous' Autopsy

UN CHIEF CHARGED DINNERS
AT POSH LE CIRQUE TO UNICEF
Ghali Defends Practice
As 'Completely Normal'

PIA ZADORA TO SING IN SARAJEVO

CORONER VERDICT IN HEIDI FLEISS DEATH:
L.A. MADAM DIED OF 'NATURAL CAUSES'

PHILIP MORRIS INTRODUCES NEW CIGARETTE
AIMED AT TODDLERS, PRE-SCHOOLERS

ZADORA CONCERT IS SHELLED
BY SERBS, CROATS, & BOSNIANS

OZONE HOLE WIDENS
Christopher Urges Caution

PHILIP MORRIS WITHDRAWS PUFF-O'S
FOLLOWING ASSASSINATION THREATS
PM Chief Deplores 'Lack of Dialogue'

'SCHINDLER' TOPS OSCAR LIST
Neo-Nazis Storm Chandler Pavilion,
Charging 'Unfair' Depiction of Reich

CLINTON HEALTH PLAN CLEARS SENATE
AMA Announces Move to Mexico City

CALIFORNIA PAROLES CHARLES MANSON
Satanic Cult Killer Has 'Paid His Debt'
And Is 'Ready to Contribute to Society'

COLIN POWELL ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY
Former General to Seek GOP Nomination

COST TO STATE OF PROTECTING MANSON
IS ESTIMATED AT \$10 MILLION PER YEAR

YOUTH WHO ALLEGED MICHAEL JACKSON ABUSE
DROPS ALL CHARGES ON EVE OF TRIAL

CALIFORNIA TO SPEND \$25 MILLION PER YEAR
PROTECTING PAROLE BOARD MEMBERS

POLL SHOWS 97% OF AMERICANS
WOULD VOTE FOR POWELL

IN MEMOIR, MCNAMARA BLAMES VIETNAM
ON FAILED HAIR TRANSPLANT OPERATION
Early Surgical Hair-Plug Procedure
Urged on Him by Senator Proxmire
'Clouded My Judgment,' Says JFK Advisor

GERGEN LEAVES WHITE HOUSE
TO JOIN POWELL CAMPAIGN
'I Was Never Actually a Democrat, Either,'
Declares Career White House Staffer

YOUTH WHO DROPPED JACKSON CASE
BIDS \$15 BILLION FOR PARAMOUNT

POWELL SAYS HE NEVER ASKED
GERGEN TO JOIN HIS CAMPAIGN STAFF

CLINTON PLEDGES SOMALI PULLOUT
IN EARLY '95, PENDING AIDID APPROVAL

JAY LENO 'DEFECTS' FROM NBC TO C-SPAN
Says Format Offers More Creative Freedom

CHRISTOPHER KIDNAPPED
Clinton Urges Caution

—WFB

The Bimbo Eruption, Etc.

JEFFREY TAYLOR



Fred Carlson

WASHINGTON, D.C. **N**OW THAT questions about the propriety both of the Clintons' marital relations and of their financial dealings have faded from the front pages, there may be an urge to conclude that Washington can get back to politicking as usual. But White House obfuscation has left the lingering impression that there is more yet to be told about the two imbroglions.

Allegations by Arkansas state troopers Larry Patterson and Roger Perry that, as governor, Bill Clinton enlisted their help in conducting numerous trysts with women have specifics that open the door to more questions. Likewise, the Justice Department probe into the failure of the Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan is now proceeding with new information pried from the Clintons.

For the troopers' claims to be untrue, they would have to have in-

vented very specific details. Patterson told *The American Spectator* that he used a surveillance camera at the governor's mansion to witness Clinton engaging in a sex act with one of the women. In its separate story, the *Los Angeles Times* quotes the troopers as recalling the times Clinton would splash water on his face and chest to make his *faux* jogs appear more real so as to help hide his illicit rendezvous from his wife. The *Times* also dug up records of Clinton phone calls to women, including 11 calls one day in 1989 to the same woman. In what has become an all-purpose explanation for the President's phone habits, White House Counsel Bernard Nussbaum said, "This President calls a lot of people."

But the accusations also extend to using the troopers in ways far outside their job description. Patterson told the *Times*, "We were more than bodyguards. We had to lie, cheat, and cover up for that man." Another unnamed trooper said "that Clinton instructed him to bring the woman to the governor's mansion at least three times after his election as President in November of 1992." The woman named in this escapade denied to the *Times* any "improper relationship" with the governor. Little remarked upon has been that the troopers' story corroborates the claim made by Gennifer Flowers that Clinton helped secure a state job for her.

The story broke despite steady work by Clinton advisors to dissuade the troopers from going public. From inside the White House, senior aide Bruce Lindsey spent weeks laying the groundwork for a rebuttal. Outside the Administration, former Clinton chief of staff Betsey Wright flew into Little Rock to throw doubt on claims made by trooper Danny Ferguson that

Clinton had offered him a job in return for killing the story. Even the President had a role in the suppression, though it is said to have been limited to calling several troopers to check out "rumors." Once a CNN report on the pending *Spectator* piece put the story on the AP wire, Clinton operatives set out to discredit the sources. Impugning the motives of the troopers, who would like to sell a book and are represented by Clinton nemesis Cliff Jackson, has had some success. Far more effective, though, at turning the press off the story has been the revelation that troopers Perry and Patterson misrepresented the facts of a 1990 auto accident which occurred after both had been drinking.

Why such a discrediting campaign, wholly stage-managed by the White House, is needed to combat "ridiculous" charges has yet to be explained. But through this operation the world got a close look at Buddy Young, the former head of the troopers' security detail. Thanks to a presidential appointment Young is now in a \$92,300 job with Federal Emergency Management Agency, the kind of plum which Young says Perry and Patterson hoped for, didn't receive, and now are getting back at Clinton for not providing. It is worth noting that White House fixer Lindsey, by trotting out the comical Young, effectively sent a message that the security detail should be thought of as a Dogpatch Praetorian Guard always on the lookout for advancement.

Partly because of the discrediting campaign and partly because of general squeamishness about the topic, the mainstream media have not been eager to press the Clintons for details. Two White House press conferences went by without a question on the topic. Only when the White House press office hit a nerve by attempting to put the subject out of bounds for Mrs. Clinton's Christmas interviews did the press corps' interest seem to perk up. When asked point blank by Mutual Radio's Peter Maer if all the allegations were false, Bill Clinton stammered incoherently before saying he had already answered that. But as yet no one has dared to ask Hillary Clinton if the troopers' allegations of a romantic relationship with Vince Foster have any substance.

Foster is also an important character in the Whitewater drama, which has been steadily building for several

Mr. Taylor is a reporter for The Evans & Novak Political Report.

months as federal investigators peel back layers surrounding the firm. In question are links to the failure of Madison (which cost taxpayers \$50 million) and to one David Hale, who is under indictment for defrauding the Small Business Administration. Representative Jim Leach (Iowa), the ranking Republican on the Banking Committee, has raised the alarm over the fact that it is Janet Reno's Justice Department that is being asked to conduct an investigation into the President's past. So far, the use of career Justice prosecutors as opposed to Rose law firm alumni has minimized the chance that the inquiry will be soft-pedaled. But Leach, not known as a partisan bomb-thrower, believes a special counsel is needed to plumb the depths of the Madison collapse and its relationship with the Whitewater Development Corp.

Whitewater was a land-development deal entered into by the Clintons and James McDougal (Madison's owner) and his wife. Here the Clintons' first defense is that there is nothing new that merits comment. Mrs. Clinton has treated as the last word on the subject the analysis made in March 1992 by Denver attorney James Lyons which found that the First Couple lost \$68,000 on the Whitewater deal as "passive shareholders." She maintains she is "bewildered" by continued interest in the dealings. But since the election, relentless coverage from the *Washington Times*, in the past weeks joined by the *Washington Post* and *New York Times*, has shown it not to be that simple.

It is known that money from Madison was used to pay off Bill Clinton's campaign debt. McDougal held a 1985 fundraiser to retire Clinton campaign debts from the 1984 governor's race. One \$3,000 check came from the son of a Madison board member; the son told the *Post* in December that he has no recollection of writing any such check when he was in college. Later, Madison received the go-ahead from the state's banking regulator, a Clinton appointee and former Madison attorney, to meet capital requirements by selling stock. At the time Hillary Clinton was on a \$2,000-a-month retainer from Madison. No one has asked the Clintons if it was proper for her to be on retainer for a bank her husband regulated.

Just before Christmas, the Admin-

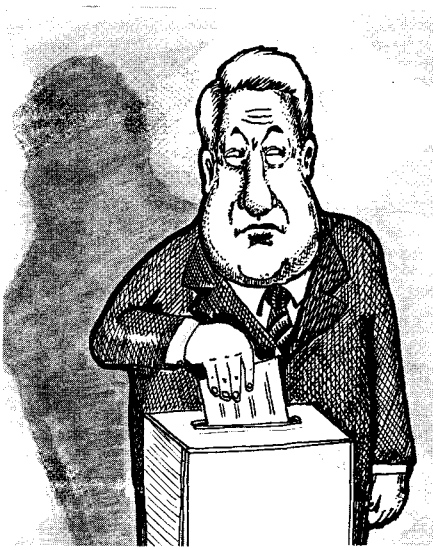
istration suffered perhaps the most damaging blow to its credibility, being forced to disclose that files on Whitewater were removed from Foster's office hours after his suicide and kept from investigators. In revealing that a search of Foster's office occurred prior to the known July 22 search by Nussbaum, spokesman Mark Gearan basically admitted he was less than forthcoming to reporters following Foster's death. Investigators hope the file sheds some light on the extent of the Clinton involvement in the Whitewater adventure. Justice's Office of Pro-

fessional Responsibility is also looking at the White House's handling of the hidden file in connection with Travelgate.

Part of the reason the President gave for refusing to answer any more questions about the troopers' story is that the topic is "so painful at holiday time." With the season now past, both Clintons are now free to categorically deny the allegations of extramarital affairs. While they are at it, they can explain the reason for the secret search of Foster's office and the need to mislead the public about it. □

Slouching toward Democracy

MARK ALMOND



MOSCOW

IT WAS billed (in the West) as Russia's first truly democratic elections, but Russians had got tired of repeating what the Western networks excitedly called their first taste of democracy. They had had one already in 1989 when they elected the first (and last) Congress of People's Deputies of the USSR. They had had another in 1990 when they chose the Russian Parliament (since blasted out of the White House on October 4, 1993). In 1991, they had gone to the polls to elect Boris Yeltsin as president in a six-way race. And in April 1993, they had voted in a referendum on constitutional change. Western reporters might still get excited by so

much birth of democracy, but by December 12 voting had lost its charms for the people who had to go out and cast their ballots.

So much voting but so little change brought about by the ballot box. To be sure, there has been an unprecedented set of changes in what used to be the Soviet Union, but none of them were brought about by the direct expression of the people's will. No one asked the voters in December 1991 whether they wanted to abolish the USSR (though they probably did), and last October neither Yeltsin nor his hardline opponents in the White House thought of putting their dispute to the people until after the power struggle had been won. Little wonder that as people went to vote on December 12, few seemed to think that the outcome would matter much.

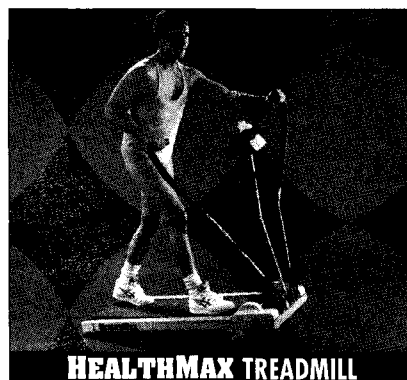
Perhaps they were wrong. After all, the first results sent shock waves not only through the Russian establishment but across the world. Instead of a comfortable victory for the party favored by Western governments (with lavish provision of electoral consultants, spin doctors, and the whole works), the most disreputable candidate, leading the most vociferously anti-Western party, swept into the lead as counting got under way.

Anyone who had witnessed the self-satisfaction and arrogance of the reformers right up until the first results were in could not help sharing the *Schadenfreude* that went through Russia. Tempting fate, Yeltsin's bevy of radical young reformers called

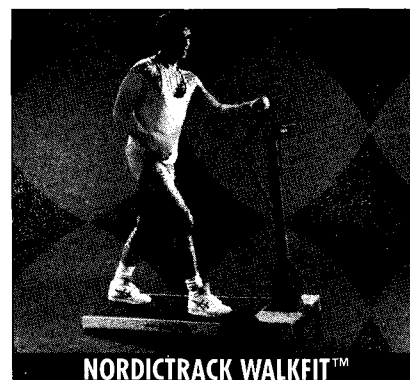
Mr. Almond is a lecturer in modern European history at Oriel College, Oxford.

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themselves "Russia's Choice," but their use of slick Western advertising against a background of "necessary" belt-tightening to produce a market economy did not wash, not least because it was obvious that they and their friends were enjoying the fruits of capitalism today while the rest of Russia waits for jam tomorrow.

Vladimir Bukovsky, who spent long years in Soviet prisons, has pointed out that Russia's reformers are born-again capitalists, but that they were not born yesterday. Yegor Gaidar and his team were the privileged children of the Soviet elite (born, as one Russian wit put it, with silver hammer-and-sickles in their mouths); advantage as much as principle caused them to shift from Communism to capitalism.

What has gone on in Russia for the last two years is not the birth of a market economy, but a gigantic fire-sale of the Soviet Union. Ex-Communists, their "reform-minded" children, and Western carpetbaggers have got in on the biggest asset-stripping operation in history. The Communists may not have produced much, but they left a lot of raw materials, oil, and real estate to be shared out. That has been happening, and it isn't a pretty sight.

On election night, while a glitzy televised party got under way with the Russia's Choice campaign song as the opening number, old women could be seen trying to sell what little they had in the underpasses around the Kremlin. The new poor in Russia are not druggies, alcoholics, or even suffering from senile dementia; they are the victims of the twentieth century. Children in the time of Lenin, war-widowed under Stalin, they are now rendered destitute by another "revolution."

Ironically, it was the old who voted for Russia's Choice. Although the Western admen had told the party to project its message to the young, Russia's future, in the polling stations I visited (and other observers found the same thing), it was the old who voted, and they did what they were told by state television as they have always done. Pointing at a line of widows waiting to vote, one Russian remarked, "You think they are robots, but we have the most sophisticated robots in the world. Yesterday they voted for the Communists. Today they

are re-programmed to vote for the democrats."

Contrary to the trite reports that "young people voted for change," my straw poll indicated that people under forty either did not vote or voted disproportionately for Zhirinovsky. Only naive believers in the "goodness" of young people could think that because a Russian in a baseball cap looks Western, he must be "politically correct." Young Russians have learned to despise authority. The old system taught them to despise bourgeois morality. The rat-race since 1991 has not exactly changed their minds.

Zhirinovsky's crude nihilism appeals more widely than many observers care to admit. Among the vast ranks of non-voters (half the population if not more), his program of cheap vodka and every kind of kick from sex to a restored Russian empire has a level of support that is not comfortable to contemplate. But the West should be worrying about Russia's next generation, not the old guard.

The head of Ostankino, the state television network, was sacked for selling too much television time to Zhirinovsky; but from the Yeltsin camp's point of view, his real crime should have been broadcasting the crass, counter-productive Western-designed ads for Russia's Choice. One was particularly cute: an apple-pie-faced ten-year-old boy dressed entirely in Western clothes (from T-shirts to sneakers) sitting in front of a blazing fire with a large (meat-eating) dog—this piped into millions of overcrowded one-room apartments where there wasn't room to swing a cat, let alone cash to feed a dog. The boy says: "I wish I was old enough to vote for Russia's Choice."

How many votes that kid cost Russia's infant Democracy we may never know, but the lesson of his intervention in the campaign was lost on the host of Western-hangers-on providing "education for democracy" at American or European taxpayers' expense. Already, calls for fresh injections of cash into voter-education and party-formation programs are echoing around Washington and the European capitals. (Noting the low turnout, a cynic might remark: So much voter education, so few voters. That may be all that elections in the U.S. and Russia have in common.)

In the whole ex-Communist bloc, there is only one pro-Western reformer

who seems secure in his job as head of government. Vaclav Klaus of the Czech Republic has shown an admirable desire to get his country onto a Western track, combined with a healthy and caustic skepticism concerning the value of Western advice. Recognizing that many of the plushly salaried consultants and academics sent to advise him at best know nothing about how to create a market economy from scratch, or, worse, were professional fellow-travelers until the Berlin Wall came down and fat fees were on offer to advisors going East, Klaus takes little notice of what he calls "soft ideas for hard currency."

WHILE Russian state television came in for a carpeting for producing the wrong result, the Ministry of Security (the ex-KGB with the same address, the Lubyanka) was downgraded to the rank of a State Committee for predicting the wrong result. In a real democracy, even an infant one, it might be thought a good sign that the police are not responsible for producing the right result, but not in Russia. Yeltsin's decision to subordinate the ex-KGB directly to his office smacks less of reform than of a determination to get it right next time. After all, the next elections are for the big one: the presidency itself, with all the powers set out in the Yeltsin constitution. No one wants the wrong candidates to win that one.

Even Western leaders who at first welcomed the voter's endorsement of the constitution have begun to recognize that its concentration of so much power in the hands of one man is not exactly according to the Founding Fathers' taste. It therefore matters a lot—not only to Russians but to the West too—what sort of man holds those constitutional powers.

There are still two years to go before Yeltsin's mandate runs out, but the West's response to the December elections suggests that its weight will be behind making the same marketing errors, only on a bigger scale: more Madison Avenue, more EC cash, plus more taking of sides in Russia's internal politics. If the West tries that line, Zhirinovsky will be able to save on his own campaign cash and just let the Kremlin fall into his lap.

It is time the West recognized that it cannot do much to change Russia,

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but that its ineffective interventions do a lot to shape Russian attitudes toward us. So far the only results "voter

education" and "know how" seem to be getting are negative, but with more money things can only get worse. □

Weicker's World

JEFFREY CHRISTENSEN

IF President Bush wants to understand the "screwy" mood of the voters that swept him out of office, he has only to look at his native state of Connecticut. In August of 1991 Governor Lowell P. Weicker Jr., in order to pass a first-ever income tax in the state, struck a deal with the General Assembly not unlike Bush's deal with the U.S. Congress a year earlier. The Democratic leadership in Washington had promised "two dollars in spending cuts for every one dollar in tax increases"; the Democratic leadership in Hartford went them one better and promised not one but *two* spending caps as insurance against profligate use of the powerful new tax.

Today, budgetary gimmicks are being used to circumvent those statutory spending caps. And, by refusing to legally define ten words, the General Assembly has short-circuited a spending-cap amendment that voters ratified by a 4 to 1 margin.

The amendment, now Article XXVII, Section 18(b) of Connecticut's Constitution, states that "the General Assembly shall not . . . increase . . . general budget expenditures . . . by a percentage which exceeds the greater of the percentage increase in personal income or the percentage increase in inflation." It further commands the General Assembly to define "general budget expenditures," "increase in personal income," and "increase in inflation." And Attorney General Richard Blumenthal, a Democrat, has ruled that until the legislature defines the terms, the spending cap remains "inoperative." And that's fine with the Assembly Democrats, who stand to lose some favorite spending programs if they propose any definitions comprehensive enough to garner the handful of Republican votes needed for a 60 per cent majority.

Enter State Representative Mark

Nielsen, a freshman Republican from Danbury who has filled the leadership gap by filing (along with a group of taxpayers) a novel lawsuit against the Assembly leadership for failing to execute a direct constitutional mandate. Critics suggest this is judicial activism. Nielsen replies: "The suit does not ask the court to legislate. Rather, it asks the court to order the Assembly to do what the constitution commands it to within a reasonable period of time. It doesn't tell the legislature *how* to define the terms, only that it *must*."

Meanwhile, the state attorney general is trying to dismiss the case on the grounds of "sovereign immunity." This common-law term refers to the exemption of government from lawsuits on what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes referred to as "the logical and practical ground that there can be no legal right as against the authority that makes the law on which the right depends." But among the large body of exceptions is *Horton v. Meskill* (1977), where the Connecticut Supreme Court observed that "the government cannot justifiably claim interference with its functions when the acts complained of are unconstitutional or unauthorized by statute." Or, as Nielsen says, "Where else do the people have to turn when the legislature ignores a governing principle that 81 per cent of the voters enshrined in their constitution?"

In another state the people could look to the sworn defender of the constitution and the only elected official who represents all the state's citizens. But Governor Weicker has long opposed "automatic pilot" spending restrictions. As a U.S. senator he opposed the Balanced Budget Amendment and Gramm-Rudman-Hollings. In October of 1992 Avice Meehan, his press secretary, told the *New York Times* that the governor "believes that elected officials ought to be accountable for the expenditure of taxpayer dollars rather than relying on a mathematical equation."

How accountable has Mr. Weicker been? His 1993-94 budget is an embarrassment of gimmickry and deception. The statutory cap is still law, but since exemptions can be made by a simple majority, Weicker and the Democrats have exempted a number of spending programs. By now, over one-third of the budget is outside the cap. One exempted item, Grants to Distressed Municipalities, grew by 12 per cent this year. Under this umbrella 10 per cent of the state's budget went to 11 Democratic strongholds for ordinary expenses like teachers' salaries and road repairs. Also, a \$114-million surplus that occurred when the income tax took effect was "appropriated" for spending in the following years, rather than being counted as a surplus. This gimmick, which the constitutional amendment would prohibit, raised the base the Democrats used for calculating their allowable spending increase and disguised their real current expenditures.

As he signed the 1993-94 budget into law, Weicker proclaimed that this budget "follows the wishes of the voters as expressed in November." But the voters ratified a spending cap equal to the higher of the increase in inflation (now about 3 per cent) and the increase in personal income (an anemic 2 per cent). Weicker and his Democratic allies have nonetheless defined the terms of the statutory cap to allow for a 5.6 per cent growth in the budget. And the 1993-94 General Fund Budget, without gimmicks, grew 7.6 per cent.

Tax-Expenditure Limitations, or TELs, are only as good as the integrity of the legislators; nonetheless, a forthcoming Cato Institute study finds that, overall, they work. The growth rate of spending in the 18 states with TELs dropped from 1.05 per cent *above* the national average in the five years prior to adoption to 3.4 per cent *below* the average in the five years after adoption.

But they can't work if they are kept "inoperative." By enhancing Hartford's bureaucratic hegemony with a powerful new tax, Weicker got what he wanted. The taxpayers are still waiting for their half of the deal. This sort of duplicity has put voters in a downright "screwy" mood. Finally, even Lowell Weicker may have got the point: he has withdrawn his name from the '94 gubernatorial race. □

Mr. Christensen writes for Carlson's World Markets, an investment newsletter.

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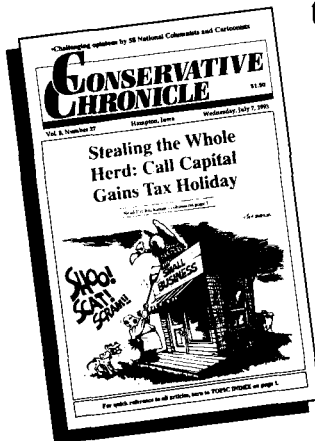
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RANDOM WALK



■ When my favorite Washington curmudgeon, Wayne Angell, was appointed as a Federal Reserve Governor in February 1986, he told me he would judge his term successful if, when it ended, gold prices were within 10 per cent of where they were when he started. On January 30, Angell will retire. When he began, the price of gold was \$350 an ounce. At year's end it was \$390—an 11.5 per cent rise over seven years. Good enough for government work.

Angell's retirement is wonderful news for gold hoarders like me, terrible news for the rest of you. Angell is the last remaining legacy of the Reagan era. When Washington policy wonks want to use monetary policy for economic fine tuning, Angell has held firmly to his puritan view that "the primary aim of monetary policy is to achieve a stable price level." For his efforts to achieve this and for his persistent crusading for a capital-gains cut, Washington's attitude seems to be goodbye and good riddance.

Who will replace him? Alice Rivlin, in the Clinton budget office, recently took herself out of the running. Good thing. Bear Stearns's Larry Kudlow says that, if chosen, Mrs. Rivlin would have made "the IS-LM and Phillips Curves prominent Fed policy tools." In other words, she believes that prosperity causes inflation. Other contenders are equally uninspiring: George Perry of Brookings, Van Doorn Ooms of the statist Committee for Economic Development, Peter Kenen of Princeton, and Alicia Munnell of Treasury (who gained notoriety for her proposal to raise billions for Uncle Sam by taxing your pension). With the exception of Kenen these are all committed Keynesians. Their economic model runs something like this: high tax rates + easy money = economic growth. They're halfway there already.

Angell isn't even gone yet and mone-

tary policy is already starting to drift in the wind. It took seven years for gold prices to rise 10 per cent with Angell at the Fed. Don't be surprised if it takes seven days without him.

■ Meanwhile, Brian Wesbury of the Chicago-based investment firm Griffin, Kubik, Stephens, and Thompson has reminded me that you can pinpoint five Reaganite reforms for conquering inflation: pushing the federal funds rate above the rate of inflation; firing the air-traffic controllers; slowing the growth rate of spending; handcuffing the regulators; and slashing marginal tax rates. The first three reforms tightened demand, the last two vastly expanded supply. Less money started chasing more goods, and presto: no more inflation.

Wesbury laments that current policies are "expansionary on the demand side and restrictive on the supply side." The Fed has lowered the federal funds rate back to the rate of inflation; tax rates were raised in 1991 and 1993; new regulation has been gauged at its highest level since 1980; the federal budget is mushrooming; the PATCO strikers are being rehired and



"I want to be cremated and have my ashes sprinkled on Wall Street."

Clinton intervened in the American Airlines strike on behalf of labor. Translation: Expect more money to start chasing fewer goods. We need Wayne Angell now more than ever.

■ Which stocks will benefit from the Clinton health plan? Bear Stearns is touting relative unknowns: First Financial Management and First Data, providers of medical claims-processing software; SpaceLabs Medical, a maker of computerized patient information systems; and Sterling Software, which has been laying the foundation for an electronic claims-submission system. Another recommended buy—Medaphis—helps hospitals and HMOs choose the right software company. The reasoning is simple: hospitals already spend from 20 to 25 per cent of their budgets on administrative costs. Over the past five years, however, U.S. hospitals have devoted only 2 per cent of their operating outlays to data systems. Add to this the paperwork required by Mr. Clinton's health plan, and current medical management-information systems will quickly start to smoke. Medical software stocks are the big winners. Two million Americans put out of work by the new health plan are the big losers. Let's hope some of the latter have enough cash to load up on some of the former.

■ I used to think privatization was important but boring. Then I looked at the numbers: since the mid 1980s more than \$300 billion of government enterprises have been sold to private investors. A fanciful abstraction is now a \$50-billion-a-year industry, generating big bucks for Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley, and others. There are risks, of course. Privatization pits the interests of insiders—government managers—against the right of outside investors to gain control. The politics must be just right. Merrill-Lynch spent years trying to underwrite the sale of Credito Italiano, only to have Italy's political scandals stop everything. But even the right politics doesn't ensure success. France's conservative government is having a heck of a time getting inefficient behemoths like Air France and Renault in shape for private investors. Perhaps some savvy investment bankers will introduce Mr. Ballardur to my friend Lord King of British Airways. —GEKKO

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Anatomy of an Investigation

GOING AFTER MICROSOFT

The FTC didn't know what Bill Gates did—but they were sure he must have done something wrong. His rivals in the business concur. Will the case be a landmark, or a footnote?

MARK LEWYN

THE STORY begins in Las Vegas in November 1989. In a rare display of solidarity, IBM and Microsoft announced at the giant Comdex trade show that they had worked out their differences: Microsoft would cease development of its Windows software after the 1991 release of Windows 3.0. Windows then would be left for the low end of the market, while IBM's OS/2, on which the two companies had collaborated since 1987, would become the main personal-computer operating system for the 1990s.

The announcement was intended to end confusion by developers of applications programs as to which operating system to write for, but it had the side effect of setting off alarm bells at the Federal Trade Commission, where the new chairman, Janet D. Steiger, was looking to show that the Bush Administration was harder on antitrust than the Reaganites. Not knowing the software business or being aware of the rocky relationship between IBM and Microsoft, FTC attorney Norris E. Washington read of the Comdex press conference in *Byte* and brought it to the attention of Marc G. Schildkraut, an assistant director of the Bureau of Competition. "It looked a lot like collusion," one staffer recalls.

Still, the FTC probe got off to a slow start. First, the FTC had to get the go-ahead from the Justice Department, which was reluctant to cede control over a potentially explosive case. Nor was Justice altogether comfortable going after one of America's most successful companies. Until Justice relented in May 1990, Washington and Schildkraut were barred from making any

phone calls on the matter. So they simply gathered news clippings about Microsoft from trade journals. Meanwhile, Schildkraut went to a local computer store and bought a copy of Windows to play with.

Bloodhounds on the Trail

ONCE JUSTICE gave the green light, a team of five economists and lawyers was set up to investigate the company. Schildkraut, a tall, balding 42-year-old lawyer who had been with the commission for 17 years, was tapped as the team leader. The group set up shop across the street from FTC headquarters at 600 Pennsylvania Avenue. "They worked weekends and holidays all the time," says one member of the team. "They ate, slept, and drank Microsoft." Occasionally, they would post news clippings about Bill Gates, the company's hard-driving chairman, on their bulletin boards, including one from the *National Enquirer* about Gates's engagement to a fellow Microsoft executive.

The official charged with overseeing the Microsoft Team was Bureau of Competition Director Kevin J. Arquit. Mindful of the disastrous IBM antitrust case—dropped after 13 years of effort—Arquit warned investigators right from the start to keep the case as narrow as possible, even if that meant not pursuing every lead. "We didn't want this to become a black hole that just sucked up resources like IBM," says one person familiar with the case.

Microsoft's general counsel, William Neukom, was alerted to the probe by a June 1990 letter from Arquit. It soon became clear to FTC investigators that without a subpoena Microsoft was going to supply little more

Mr. Lewyn is a Washington correspondent for BusinessWeek. Richard Brandt contributed to this report.

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than some marketing literature and maybe some news clips. In turn, the government left Microsoft largely in the dark about what was going on, though occasionally Neukom and Gates would pick up tidbits from executives of other companies who had been interviewed by the feds.

Through much of 1990, FTC staffers gathered evidence concerning the alleged collusion between Microsoft and IBM. Meanwhile, some staffers were tutored on the intricacies of the unfamiliar industry by companies cooperating with the investigation, such as Lotus and Borland International. "It was like my Introduction to Computers course in college," says one FTC official. "It was really quite helpful." The feds interviewed dozens of software makers and collected hundreds of documents; the sum of this information suggested that Microsoft was, at the very least, skating close to the edge of the law.

By November 1990, the investigators had all but decided that IBM and Microsoft had colluded. Indeed, documents supplied by IBM itself helped prove the case, says one staffer. But by then, it was becoming clear that the IBM-Microsoft agreement was unraveling. Microsoft had started aggressively pushing Windows and badmouthing IBM's OS/2. Meanwhile, IBM was quietly pursuing a new alliance with Apple Computer. Some software executives were publicly denouncing Microsoft for what they called the "head fake" of the 1989 press conference, which they said had signaled them to stop writing for Windows and start working on applications for OS/2, while Microsoft—which had started writing applications software itself in 1984—gained a huge lead in Windows applications. (Microsoft says it always encouraged these companies to write for Windows.)

In any case, the collusion issue was all but dead; but the Microsoft Team was not about to close up shop. It helped that the still-secret probe was about to become public, leading new sources of information to open up.

The cat was let out of the bag during the March 10, 1991, PC Forum. During a dinner, WordPerfect chief operating officer Pete Peterson casually mentioned to Goldman Sachs software analyst Richard C. Sherlund that the FTC had been snooping around about Microsoft. Sherlund quickly found that other executives had been approached, and he announced in a report to clients that the secret probe was going on.

The news stunned the computer industry, or at least that part of it that hadn't already been interviewed by the government. Many Microsoft rivals who had cooperated feared retaliation and asked to be subpoenaed so that they could tell Gates, if asked, that they had been forced to talk. The disclosure, though, also brought out new evidence.

The most interesting avenue had to do with complaints from software applications makers that Microsoft was using its near-monopoly in the operating-systems business to unfairly compete in applications software. The FTC wanted to know if Microsoft's early knowledge of operating systems gave it an undue edge in the applications market; did Microsoft really maintain an effective "Chinese Wall" between the two sides of the company?

After several months of digging, the investigators concluded that there were serious holes in the "wall." This phase of the case led a small group of FTC officials to consider a remarkable remedy: the breakup of Microsoft into what one official gamely referred to as "Baby Bills." But a formal recommendation was never forwarded to the full Commission, partly because it would have involved a huge amount of corporate up-

heaval, but also because "we knew the Commission wouldn't have the guts to do it," says an FTC official.

Even some FTC staffers felt they didn't have much of a case. Sure, they had plenty of complaints from applications makers, but they didn't feel they had a lot of compelling evidence. Microsoft's applications business was getting stronger, but there was no clear evidence that it was able to exploit the market power of its monopoly in MS-DOS—Microsoft Disk Operating System, which some rivals enviously renamed "Microsoft wants Dominion Over Society"—to hurt competitors.

If at First You Don't Succeed . . .

ONCE AGAIN, the FTC's case seemed to be winding down, but a third issue was about to surface. FTC investigators learned in late 1991 that Bill Gates had used that same 1989 Las Vegas trade show to approach Novell CEO Raymond J. Noorda about Microsoft's buying Novell, a \$1.1-billion company that dominated the strategically important market for networking software.

Noorda says he saw immediately that a merger between the number-one and number-two makers of personal-computer software might raise antitrust questions. "I was surprised," recalls Noorda. "I thought, 'Wow, this guy's really aggressive.'"

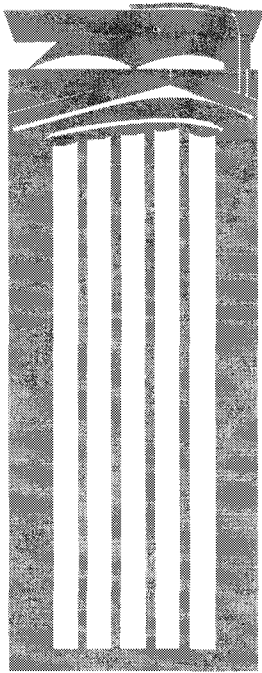
After the Las Vegas meetings, Gates continued to press the Novell merger talks despite the cultural differences between the two companies. While Gates has a take-no-prisoners style, the 69-year-old Noorda has cultivated a folksy public persona and has preached "co-opetition"—a blend of cooperation and competition for a fractious software industry. Representatives of the two companies met several times in late 1989 to outline



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what would have been a roughly \$2-billion buyout.

Then the music seemed to stop almost as quickly as it had started. On January 10, 1990, Noorda called Microsoft to find out why he hadn't heard anything in over a week. After all, if Gates didn't want to merge, Noorda would want to make other plans. According to Noorda, Microsoft Vice President Michael R. Murray told him that Gates couldn't make up his mind. One issue apparently was whether Novell's software developers would move from Provo, Utah, to Redmond, Washington; Noorda says he was told that Gates didn't want the teams collaborating across a network because he "likes to roam the halls."

But there were other considerations too. Other factors, says Microsoft Executive Vice President Steven A. Ballmer, were potential technical problems in merging the two product lines, and the fact that "Bill doesn't like doing acquisitions." Months later, Ballmer wrote in a letter to Noorda that another problem was "the risk of U.S. Government disapproval of the transaction."

With the collapse of the talks, Noorda grew increasingly mistrustful of Gates. He even suspected that the boyish billionaire might have launched the talks to pry secrets out of Novell—a charge Gates angrily dismisses as "slander." He adds: "We didn't find out anything in any way that wasn't public information. Do you think Novell [executives] can't control their own mouths?"

Meanwhile, Noorda was aghast at a bit of intelligence that he says Gates had let slip: namely, that Microsoft was considering a marketing strategy known as "bundling"—i.e., forcing the computer makers who sell Microsoft operating systems to "bundle" the company's application programs with them. The tactic could have crippled other software makers. Ballmer says a bundling plan was never considered. Even if it was, it was never launched.

Still, Noorda was convinced that he needed allies to prevent Gates from dominating the applications business the way he dominated operating systems. Novell approached Lotus and WordPerfect about joint marketing agreements. WordPerfect Chairman Alan Ashton, who was worried that a deal might anger Microsoft, begged off. Lotus CEO Jim Manzi responded by proposing an outright merger. Manzi and Noorda signed an agreement in principle in April 1990, but the deal fell apart when they couldn't agree on control. In February 1991, Novell found its ally in IBM.

On July 19, 1991, Gates again called Noorda. Ballmer says simply that he and Gates had had second thoughts. When Noorda, who hadn't heard from Gates in months, picked up the phone and heard the boy billionaire's proposal, "at first I thought it was a joke," he says.

But Gates was dead serious, and Noorda thought he knew why: the call came just two days after Novell had announced plans to buy Digital Research Inc., a \$50-million software maker whose chief product was DR-DOS, a clone of Microsoft's MS-DOS. (Ironically, back in 1980, when IBM first asked Gates to produce MS-DOS, he was unsure he could meet its deadline and rec-

ommended DRI instead; DRI and IBM were unable to come to an agreement, and Microsoft got the contract after all.) DR-DOS had just 5 per cent of the \$1-billion market for IBM-compatible PC operating systems, but with Novell as a parent, DRI would be a far more serious threat.

Gates says the second set of talks had nothing to do with the proposed DRI acquisition. Instead, the impetus was that Microsoft was getting nowhere in the market with LAN Manager, its competitor to Novell's Net-



"I'm aware of no law which requires me to dress like a thug."

Ware, the top-selling program for running local-area networks. "In no way did it have anything to do with DRI," says Gates. Microsoft's general counsel, William Neukom, amplifies: "It was never our intent to do anything other than to explore the possibility of that combination in order to provide better products at fair prices to end users."

That weekend Gates and Noorda met in the American Airlines Admirals Club lounge at San Francisco Airport. Gates barely took time to say hello before he reiterated his interest in a corporate marriage. "There was only one stipulation," says Noorda, "Gates told me, 'That DRI thing has to go.'" Ballmer confirms this, but says the reason was that it was clear to Microsoft that a merger with Novell would never get government approval if it included the purchase of Microsoft's only MS-DOS competitor. But when Noorda raised the possibility that Washington might block a merger anyway, Gates replied, according to Noorda: "'Don't worry, we know how to handle the Federal Government.'" (Gates strongly denies this. "Are you kidding?" he snaps. "The Department of Justice makes their own decisions.")

Noorda says he proceeded because he felt he had to

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explore the opportunity for Novell's shareholders. The deal might have brought in as much as \$13 billion, a 50 per cent premium over Novell's market value. Still, both Noorda and Novell General Counsel David P. Bradford say they suspected Gates was merely trying to scotch or delay the DRI deal. Noorda completed the acquisition of DRI on November 1, 1991, but delayed full integration of the subsidiary because of the ongoing discussions with Microsoft—a move that he now calls “a major strategic error.”

Bradford continued to raise antitrust considerations as merger talks progressed that summer. Each time, he says, Gates assured them that there would be no problem. In selling the deal to the FTC, Gates said, they could always just say that it would create jobs and keep America technologically strong. Gates even brought in a partner from the Washington office of the Sullivan & Cromwell law firm to support his position. “I’d leave the meeting, and Ray and I would look at each other and say, ‘This is unbelievable,’” says Bradford. “‘Do you think they really believe this stuff?’”

In an internal memo, Bradford suggested that Gates might, on the contrary, have been using the merger as bait, to lure the FTC away from its main probe. If the FTC turned down the merger, the memo said, “the government would then be in a position of saying it took strong action against Microsoft, and the FTC would back away from the remainder of its investigation.” Interestingly enough, Gates now thinks that a Novell-Microsoft merger would be turned down by the government. “Today [a merger] would not be approved. I wouldn’t bother to try,” says Gates. “Novell is so dominant in their market. They have such a monopoly position.”

While the merger discussions continued, Novell discovered a Microsoft practice that would become a major issue. Novell salesmen found that many computer makers literally could not afford to buy DR-DOS. Dell Computer Chairman Michael Dell explained that he would have liked to offer DR-DOS to his customers, but he had signed a so-called per-processor contract: In return for a deep discount, Dell had agreed to pay Microsoft an MS-DOS license fee on every computer it built, whether or not it used the program. Given Dell’s razor-thin profit margins, it couldn’t afford to pay for DR-DOS, too. The same scenario was repeated time and again in meetings with other computer makers.

Microsoft says such complaints are bogus. “If you’re suggesting we raise our prices [to please Novell],” says Gates, “that’s a very anti-consumer point of view. It’s ludicrous for somebody to say, ‘Why don’t you raise your prices to help out those poor guys at Novell?’”

Cards on the Table

FOR TWO YEARS the Microsoft-Novell merger talks had escaped the attention of FTC investigators. The case shifted dramatically during a conference call in December 1991, when FTC lawyer Norris Washington asked Noorda point-blank about his rela-

tionship with Microsoft. Noorda, who had been playing his cards close to the vest while talks were going on, told Washington that Novell was in serious merger discussions with Gates. “There was a long silence,” recalls Noorda. Bradford adds: “You could practically hear their jaws hitting the floor.”

The revelation “recharged our batteries,” says one FTC official. At this point, FTC staffers say, they began to see predatory motives in Microsoft’s behavior. The second Novell-Microsoft deal collapsed at the end of March 1992, when Noorda learned that Gates was also planning to buy a database maker, Fox Software—a deal he hadn’t bothered to tell Noorda about.

The investigation went into high gear. Noorda began cooperating more closely with the government, making more of his executives available for interviews with the government and supplying more documents. When word reached Microsoft, executives there quickly dubbed the avuncular Noorda “the grandfather from hell.” For their part, Microsoft executives felt that he had purposely strung out the talks in a bid to throw Microsoft off balance. “It became a strategy to de-focus us,” says Ballmer. “I honestly believe that’s what Ray was doing.” He added: “He was probably trying to tie up our energy and our thinking bandwidth. [Noorda is] a kind of wily guy.”

With Novell cooperating, the feds began to focus more on the exclusionary DOS contracts. Novell also raised the question of whether Microsoft had purposely built incompatibilities into Windows so that it wouldn’t work with DR-DOS. Other software companies, emboldened by Novell’s new stance, began to be more cooperative. By this point the FTC had collected more than two hundred cardboard boxes filled with documents.

By late 1992, staffers in the FTC’s Bureau of Competition had put together a 250-page report to back up their charges, focusing on the DOS contracts and the incompatibility issue. Meanwhile, the Office of the General Counsel was working on a paper analyzing the legal implications of a case, and the Bureau of Economics was studying the economic consequences. During this quiet period Gates was becoming increasingly anxious about what the government might do. At the September 1992 Agenda conference in La Jolla, California, Gates got into a heated argument with Borland Chairman Philippe Kahn about a statement Kahn had made to a business magazine suggesting that Microsoft used unfair tactics to maintain its lock on the market. “What exactly did you mean by that?” Gates snapped, as he poked his finger at Kahn.

All along, however, the FTC staff knew that it faced an uphill battle with the commissioners. Two generally leaned toward tough enforcement and two were laissez-faire types. The fifth commissioner, Roscoe B. Starek III, had recused himself from the case because of an undisclosed conflict of interest. Making matters worse, the commissioners were not communicating well, thanks to a law that says only two commissioners can meet in private at one time. The idea was to eliminate secret deals, but the result was that “everybody thought that

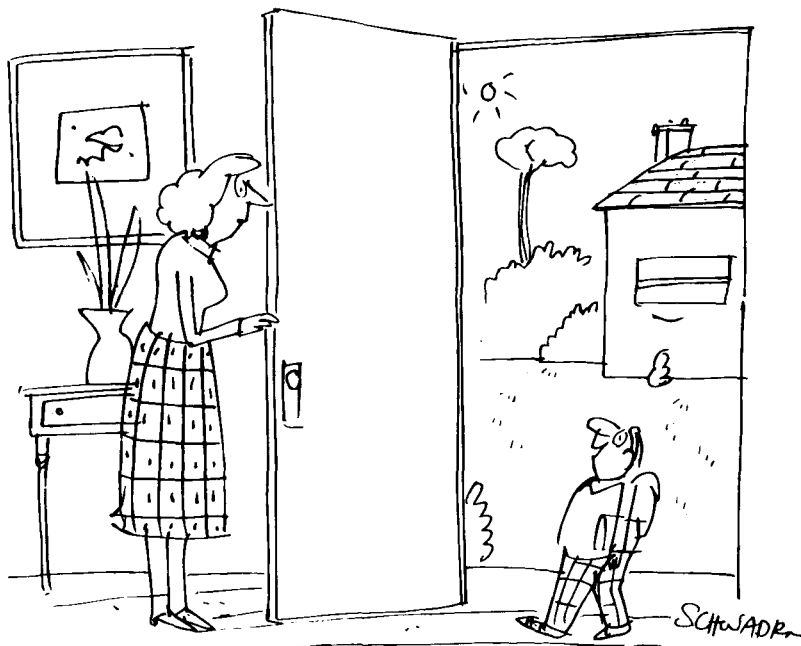
The Commission deadlocked. Commissioner Dennis A. Yao, an economist on leave from Wharton, and FTC Chairman Steiger voted yes. Deborah K. Owen voted no, as did Mary L. Azcuenaga, who asked for more information on the issue of incompatibility. After nearly an hour of squabbling, the FTC issued a statement to the press, saying it couldn't reach agreement on an unspecified non-public matter and would meet again at some later date.

MARY LOU STEPTOE, a twenty-year veteran of the FTC who had become acting director of the Bureau of Competition in November 1992, immediately began preparing for a new hearing. She felt the staff had been presenting a far too complex case, and she asked a senior litigator, Steven A. Newborn, to pare it down. Rather than charging Microsoft with violations of many different laws, Newborn focused largely on the issue of monopolization. He also went to work making the case read better. "It needed to be written in English, not computerese, if the commissioners were to understand it," says one FTC official.

Meanwhile, other staffers went to work trying to gather more information on incompatibilities, hoping to win Mary Azcuenaga's vote. For months, FTC attorney Daniel Silver had kept in touch with Andrew E. Schulman, a Cambridge-based consultant who had written a book on Windows. First, Schulman told Silver that he didn't think Microsoft had intentionally manipulated Windows so it wouldn't work with DR-DOS. But another consultant hired by the FTC had concluded otherwise. When Silver called Schulman again after the February Commission meeting, Schulman said that he had also found code in Windows that suggested the same thing. It was, Schulman said, "a smoking gun." A few days later, Schulman faxed his evidence to the FTC. Gates strenuously denies that Microsoft ever manipulated Windows so it wouldn't work with DR-DOS.

Counsel Michael N. Sohn and the Washington public-relations firm of Fleischman-Hillard. It also signed up Robert Pitofsky, a former FTC commissioner, who had headed the Clinton transition team on antitrust issues. Lotus picked Andrew G. Barg, a senior advisor to ex-FTC commissioner Terry Calvani. And Taligent, an IBM-Apple software venture, hired Edward F. Glynn Jr., a former assistant director of the Bureau of Competition.

Gates, though, was in no mood to cut any deals; he figured he had the upper hand. A private meeting between Gates and Deborah Owen before the second commission meeting was a "lovefest," says an FTC staffer who was there. Gates clearly found a soulmate in Commissioner Owen, a conservative Republican with a colorful streak. (Addressing a crowd of 150 at the going-



away part for resigning Bureau of Competition director Arquit in late 1992, she gave him this advice about life in the private sector: "Lock your doors when you're having sex on your desk.")

But Gates's discussions with Janet Steiger and Daniel Yao were often heated. When Yao suggested that Microsoft give advance copies of its software to Novell to ensure there were no incompatibilities, intentional or otherwise, Gates retorted: "Sure, if you want to be a Communist about it, we could do that." Today Gates says, "I did seem to think that was rather socialistic." And when Mary Lou Steptoe suggested that Mi-

crosoft had purposely built incompatibilities into Windows, Gates retorted, "You don't know what the hell you're talking about."

William Neukom says all of Gates's meetings with the commissioners were "conducted in a highly professional manner." Asked whether Gates ever lost his cool Neukom replied: "That wouldn't be very effective advocacy."

Gates's outbursts didn't hurt him, however. When the votes were tallied on July 21, the Commission deadlocked again. Afterward, Commissioners Owen and Azcuenaga both said they didn't think the evidence even came close to supporting a case against Microsoft. "If it had I would have loved to be a hero and vote in favor of an action," says Miss Azcuenaga. Adds Miss Owen: "There wasn't enough there to go forward. It's that simple." Indeed, after the meeting Miss Owen tried to have funding withdrawn from the Microsoft case. Dennis Yao, on the other side of the ideological divide, disagrees. "The case was very strong," he contends.

Enemies at Court

THAT MIGHT have been the end of the matter. But politics started to enter into the equation. Senator Orrin G. Hatch (R., Utah), a member of the subcommittee on antitrust, monopolies, and business rights, had announced before the vote that if the FTC deadlocked again the case should be handed over to Justice. Novell is headquartered in Utah, and reports filed at the Federal Election Commission show that Ray Noorda contributed \$1,000 to Hatch's re-election campaign in 1988 and \$5,000 to the Utah Republican Party in July 1992. After the statement was issued, Noorda called Hatch to thank him for his support. Senator Howard M. Metzenbaum, the chairman of the committee, issued a statement similar to Hatch's.

Such strong support from both ends of the political spectrum attracted the attention of Anne K. Bingaman, whom President Clinton had named to head the Justice Department's antitrust division. Mrs. Bingaman called up each of the FTC commissioners to see if they might relinquish the case. Everything was cordial until she got to Deborah Owen, who wanted to see the case die. During the heated discussion Miss Owen told Mrs. Bingaman that she had no right to take the case and she was only doing so to get publicity.

Mary Lou Steptoe, who didn't want to see three years' effort wasted, was eager to give the case to Mrs. Bingaman—and had the power to do so. By statute her office could hand over the case to Justice unless the Commission revoked that power. So in late July, she sent out a memo to the commissioners announcing her intention to relinquish the case within 24 hours unless the commissioners voted to stop her. Deborah Owen, meanwhile, asserted in confidential memos to her colleagues leaked to the trade publication *FTC: Watch* that Mrs. Bingaman's "efforts to second-guess the Commission's decision should be resisted at all costs, as a matter of institutional integrity" and were tantamount to "politi-

cal interference in the independent functioning of this agency." She attempted to get her colleagues to resist, but couldn't muster the votes.

Over to Justice

BILL GATES was heading into a meeting with Wall Street analysts at his Redmond, Washington, headquarters when he heard that the case was going from the FTC to Justice. He went ballistic. Although his publicist, Pamela Edstrom, had suggested before the meeting that he steer clear of any questions relating to the FTC investigation, Gates could not contain his rage at Ray Noorda, who he felt was egging the government on. He accused Novell of launching an "increasingly paranoid political attack" against Microsoft, adding, "Ray has a tremendous vendetta against us." In response, Noorda told the trade magazine *PC Week* that "we have never taken an overt position to encourage [the FTC] to do something."

So now the case is in Justice's hands. "We are looking at everything [the FTC investigators] have," says a Justice spokeswoman. The FTC is planning to transfer several staffers who have been working on the case over to Justice. Meanwhile, Attorney General Janet Reno has made it clear that she is willing to let Anne Bingaman run with the ball. Mrs. Bingaman has delegated the day-to-day handling of the case to Deputy Assistant Attorney General Robert Litan, a former law partner of hers. Microsoft is not without some influence of its own. Steven Ballmer is an old friend of Vice President Al Gore, with whom he serves on the Harvard Board of Overseers.

Not surprisingly, the case is creating some discomfort at the Clinton White House, which has pledged to support America's high-tech industries. Should the Federal Government punish a company that has taught plenty of American firms how to succeed in the global marketplace? And if Microsoft is thwarting competition, then why is the U.S. software industry thriving? Indeed, more than five hundred U.S. companies have been formed to write software for Windows, creating about 18,000 jobs nationwide.

Industry insiders are betting that Anne Bingaman will bring charges of some sort. But even if the charges withstand legal scrutiny, they may not matter all that much. For just as market forces humbled a giant like IBM, Microsoft is showing signs of middle age. Its stock price hasn't changed much in a year and a half, and MS-DOS is under assault. IBM is shipping its highly regarded OS/2 version 2.1, and Novell's UnixWare also is getting good reviews. Meanwhile, Microsoft's new version of Windows NT won't be ready for general distribution for at least a year.

But that doesn't excuse the trustbusters for pursuing the case regardless of lack of evidence, and for encouraging allegations from commercial rivals. Nor does it excuse politicians who would use the antitrust laws to reward supporters. Impartial application of the law was meant to apply even to boy billionaires. □

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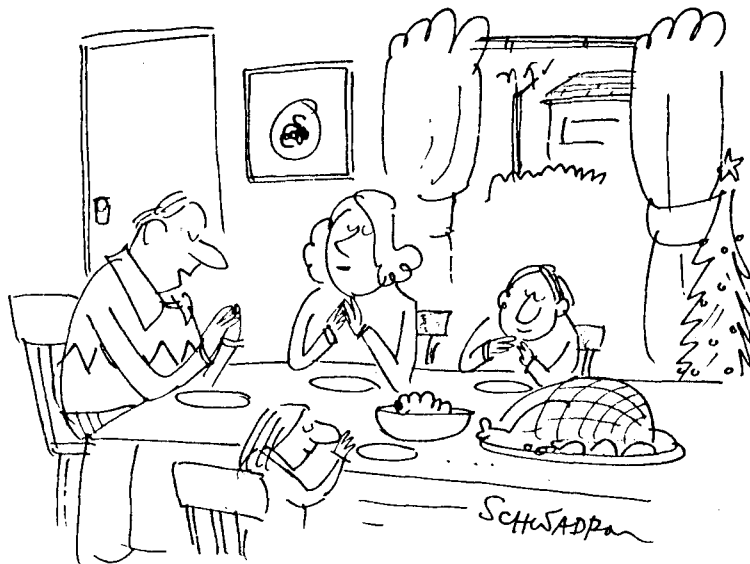
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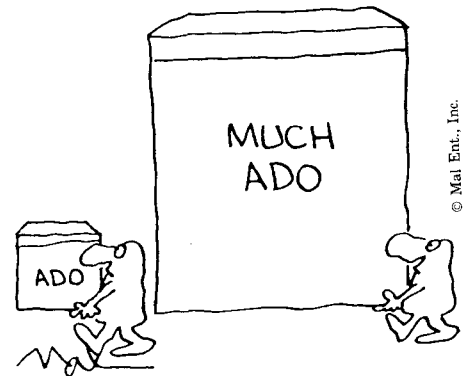
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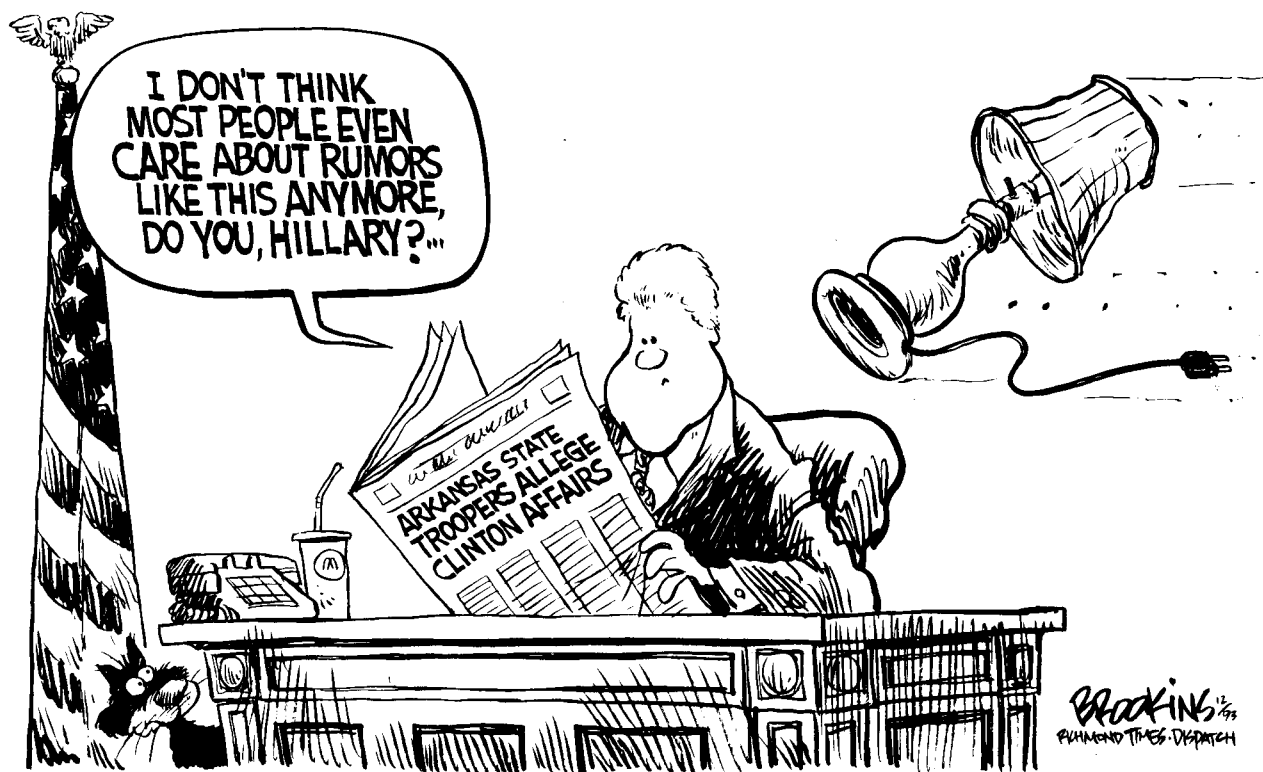
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The GOP and Health Care

CHAFEE'S POLITICAL PRESCRIPTIONS

'The same but less' is the mantra of the Republican moderates, none more so than John Chafee, author of the GOP Senate leadership's health-care plan. But there may yet be ways of avoiding Hillary II.

RICH LOWRY

EARLY IN 1988, Senate Democrats were pushing campaign-finance legislation so partisan that Republicans, fearing it would end any chance of their winning back the Senate, filibustered. Debate was bitter—at one point Majority Leader Robert Byrd had Bob Packwood “arrested” and brought to the floor to make a quorum. But when the Senate eventually voted on cloture, three Republicans opposed their party’s filibuster, among them the Chairman of the Republican Conference, John Chafee.

Votes like that cost the affable Chafee his spot in the Republican leadership in 1990. Now he is leading again, as head of the GOP health-care task force. For Senate Republicans a crucial task in the fight against the Clinton health-care plan will be keeping Chafee in opposition—against all his instincts.

Chafee built his career in Democratic Rhode Island by shaking hands (a specialty), leaving core Democratic beliefs unchallenged (not a problem), and compromising over policy specifics (only practical). The result has been some impressive electoral wins, but little to indicate that Chafee—left to his own devices—would do more than prune a Clinton health initiative that deserves demolition.

Chafee began his career with a résumé a negligent Kinko’s employee

might mistake for George Bush’s: patrician (his great-grandfather was governor), Ivy Leaguer (Yale and Harvard degrees), warrior (combat in World War II and Korea). After he spent three terms in the Rhode Island Assembly, the GOP picked him in 1962 to challenge a stumbling Democratic governor named John Notte.

Chafee’s campaign minted what became his perennial theme: “Elect the Man You Can Trust.” Touting his go-along legislative record (supporting state aid to city and town school systems, participation in the interstate highway program, and expansion of the industrial building authority), he nipped Notte by 398 votes.

Governor Chafee built collegial relations with the Democratic legislature, and won passage of an environmental program to preserve open space from development, and a new system of junior colleges. Chafee still talks about both. “He was flexible and practical,” remembers former Democratic Governor John Garrahy, then a legislator, “and I think understanding of other people’s views.”

By 1966 this personable WASP dominated Catholic Rhode Island; he won all 39 cities and townships on the way to his third two-year term. But two years later he proposed Rhode Island’s first-ever income tax. The Assembly rejected it, and later that year the voters rejected Chafee. (In 1971 the state got an income tax anyway.)

He hopped back into public life in 1969 as Nixon’s Navy Secretary, stepping down in 1972 to challenge incumbent Democratic Senator Claiborne Pell. Chafee lost little time turning against the Vietnam War he had helped run, opposing the mining of Haiphong harbor, which his Pentagon office must have had some role in planning. Chafee and Pell ended up arguing about who was nicer and who could lasso more federal support for the state, and Chafee lost.

Poor Rich Boy

THIS BROUGHT private life. “He was a senior partner in the largest law firm in Rhode Island . . . making more money than he ever made in his life,” says longtime friend Bruce Selya, a federal judge, “and he [was] completely miserable.”

The misery ended in 1976 when Chafee beat a Cadillac dealer for an open Senate seat. “[Chafee won] by getting as much distance as he could between him and the party,” explained one of his opponent’s advisors, “and by talking about issues in Democratic rather than Republican terms.”

Once in the Senate Chafee found the rules had changed. In Rhode Island whatever was right for him was right for the GOP. Now he could follow his instincts only by betraying his party.

He became Chairman of the Republican Conference in 1984 largely—sur-

By 1990 he had raised hackles by helping steer the Clean Air Bill through Congress, by voting to override Bush's veto of the Civil Rights Bill, and by accumulating a laundry list of other dissident votes. (In 1990 Chafee voted with Bush about 58 per cent of the time; last year he voted with Clinton 57 per cent of the time.) He lost his third-ranking position in the leadership by one vote, a setback that still bothers him.

WITH Chafee's prominence on health care, the conflict between his political interests and beliefs and those of his party has new significance; the way it plays out could determine whether Republicans win or lose on health care.

Chafee's plan then looked, as critics said, like "Clinton Lite": no price controls or employer mandates, but universal coverage, a comprehensive benefits package, a National Health Board, and purchasing alliances. Before long Hillary Clinton, eager for Republican cooperation, was calling him her "counselor and advisor."

But Chafee's leading role may actually make it tougher for Clinton to get bi-partisan cover. If a more conservative plan—like Don Nickles's, based on the Heritage Foundation proposals—

In October Chafee's bill was redrafted under pressure from conservatives and Dole. It went from having mandatory purchasing alliances—the linch-pin of the Clinton plan—to voluntary ones. "This is night and day," says Don Devine, head of Citizens against Rationing Health, a group supported by the American Conservative Union. The plan now includes medical savings accounts—an essential feature of the conservative John Goodman plan. And Chafee puts off universal coverage to 2005, promising to extend coverage only as savings are realized.

Even more troubling is the fact that Chafee doesn't believe in crucial provisions of his own bill. There's apparently an ongoing effort to convince him that voluntary alliances are better than mandatory ones. And Fred Barnes reports in *The New Republic* that Chafee privately prefers an employer mandate.

The stakes of a Chafee bolt are higher than before. When the Clinton plan looked as if it had formidable momentum, the Chafee approach could be defended as a way of restraining an inevitable bill. Now it looks like a way to give a toe-hold to a faltering one.

Newt Gingrich delivered perhaps his sharpest attack on the Clinton proposal yet in a speech to Empower America December 14. And, significantly, in a December 16 news conference Dole said, "I don't think there's a [health-care] crisis." He went on to endorse incremental reforms: "When we've got some areas we agree on, why not just go ahead and pass those early next year?" Administrative simplification, coverage for people with pre-existing conditions, malpractice reform, insurance portability—the list goes on—would improve the system without scrapping it.

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from a Tampa health-care meeting in September he suggested a consensus bill embracing these reforms. Clinton seemed receptive, provided there was agreement to take up larger reforms in 1995. "The President showed interest initially in this," says Bilirakis. "[But] his wife has been using an all-or-nothing approach."

When Bilirakis and Democrat Roy Rowland, with about one hundred co-signers drawn from both parties, wrote to the President to call for a consensus bill, Clinton responded: "This issue requires a comprehensive solution and should be tackled in whole if

we are to be successful." Indeed. If a consensus bill passed (Lloyd Bentsen co-sponsored one in 1992 that was squashed by Democrats interested in Big Reform), much of the steam would leave the health-care debate.

That's why the consensus the Clintons want is with Chafee. As for the senator—who is up for re-election this year, and who saw his Rhode Island ratings rise this fall with his higher profile on health care—one longtime Chafee watcher says, "He wants that bill to pass and his name will be on it and it will be part of his legacy." Beware "the man you can trust." □

How Many Irelands?

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE?

The Irish 'peace talks' are raising hopes: bringing peace is another matter.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

DUBLIN—With Ireland fast recovering from Europe's long recession and Dublin in the grip of a better-than-usual seasonal spending spree, the week before Christmas would have been cheerful in any event. From the traditional department stores on O'Connell Street, now retreating before the garish spread of McDonald's and Burger King, to the chic pedestrian precincts around Grafton and Dawson Streets, where brand names like Gucci and Armani sprout, well-dressed crowds staggered under the weight of consumer bric-a-brac, while young people rattled collecting boxes to fight Ireland's newest plague, drug abuse. One might have been in a prosperous Swiss or German city with Swiss or German problems on its collective mind.

Such an impression is not misleading. With 6 per cent of its national income accounted for by European Community subsidies that come ultimately from the German taxpayer, Ireland feels increasingly "European" politically, economically—and morally. This

means, contrary to Hilaire Belloc's claim, "Europe is the Faith and the Faith is Europe," that the country feels less Catholic and more liberal. The power of the Catholic bishops, who a generation ago were obeyed when they demanded the cancellation of Saturday dances to ensure attendance at Sunday morning Mass, has been vanquished by television, which is as sexually uninhibited here as elsewhere. Literary censorship, Catholic in all but name, is a dead letter. Condoms, illegal even for married couples a decade ago, are now universally available via vending machines. A new divorce law is expected to pass a referendum test next year. Although there is still a popular majority against legalizing abortion, most people feel that a combination of a liberalish establishment and the European courts will before long push through an amendment to the constitution allowing it on fairly strict terms. And the usual gay and feminist movements, advocating a morality of personal "liberation," set much of the agenda for the media and politics.

Such changes also make the country

more "British"—and not only in the sense that Britain underwent the same liberal revolution in morals 25 years ago. Irish nationalism has been bound up with Catholicism since Daniel O'Connell. So, as Conor Cruise O'Brien pointed out recently in *The New York Review of Books*, "the weakening of Catholicism weakens nationalism also." With both sides of the Irish Sea moving in a post-religious direction, the national and cultural differences between them are growing less stark. Post-Catholic Ireland's latest heroes are pop groups like U2, actors like Daniel Day-Lewis (star of *In the Name of the Father*, which was premiered in Dublin), and writers like Roddy Doyle—all of them equally popular in post-Protestant Britain. Indeed, Mr. Doyle recently won Britain's literary Booker Prize for his novel *Paddy Clarke Ha, Ha, Ha*.

This closeness is reflected in other attitudes. A traditional question here is: "But would you want your daughter to marry one?" Dr. O'Brien quotes a major survey, *Prejudice and Tolerance in Ireland* by Father Micheal MacGreil, which, in measuring the degree to which Irish people would welcome foreigners as close friends or family members, revealed that the "English" would be the most acceptable at 87.3 per cent, followed closely by the "British" at 82.4 per cent, with "Northern Irish" next at 77.5 per cent, significantly ahead of "Nationalists N.I." at 71.9 per cent. Irish-Americans, Dr. O'Brien notes mordantly, would be distressed to learn that "Yanks," at 69.9 per cent, score almost twenty points below the Ancient Enemy.

Hence the popular Christmas welcome in Dublin for the Downing Street Declaration, signed by British Prime Minister John Major and Irish Taoiseach Albert Reynolds, and designed to produce an IRA ceasefire, talks among all parties including the IRA after three months of non-violence, and, eventually, "peace." To the southern Irish the prospect of peace is almost desperately beguiling. The conflict "up there" no longer seems their quarrel; yet it is a permanent threat to their well-being. They feel less and less sympathy with the Northern Catholics, less and less desire to incorporate territory that includes so many unreasonable people driven by national and sectarian hatreds. They simply want the violence to end—and

Mr. O'Sullivan is NR's editor.

they are quick to favor anyone who seems likely to end it.

So Mr. Major suddenly became in Irish eyes a hero of a very English kind—modest, good-natured, commonsensical, and willing to compromise. The very opposite, in fact, of Mrs. Thatcher, whose harshly logical unionist rhetoric ensured that she was never popular here in spite of giving Dublin a major practical say in Northern Ireland's affairs through the 1985 Anglo-Irish agreement. Mr. Major, by contrast, is more prepared to talk Dublin's language (quite literally, as

we shall see) and so is seen as a good neighbor dressed up as Santa Claus with a basket full of—"peace."

Questionable Peace

PEACE, however, is a pleasant abstraction. We are all in favor of it until questions arise: Whose peace? Peace on what terms? An IRA slogan has it, for instance, that a divided Ireland can never be at peace. To the IRA, peace means calling off its terrorist campaign in return for a British-government declaration

that it will deliver a united Ireland. To that the Northern Protestant majority retorts that such a united Ireland could be achieved only by a full-scale civil war: a peace of the grave.

A unionist "peace," on the other hand, would be the constitutional status quo—Northern Ireland as part of the United Kingdom—reinforced by the defeat, however disguised, of IRA terrorism. (And to discuss Ireland without giving full weight to the views of the Ulster Protestants, as too many American editorialists do, is like *Hamlet* without the grave-digger.)

Christmas in Belfast

BELFAST—The Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) patrol moves slowly through the dark, rainy streets of West Belfast. The grey armor-plated van is followed by a British army vehicle with two soldiers clutching their guns as they keep watch.

The RUC constable points to the seventh floor of a drab apartment block: "a coffee-jar bomb [the latest IRA homemade concoction packed with plastic explosives] was dropped on a soldier two days ago from there."

We keep moving through an urban wasteland of boarded-up houses. Both Catholics and Protestants have abandoned Ilchester Street, a border zone between the two communities, where IRA and loyalist snipers shoot it out from the rooftops. The haunted tour ends at a Catholic housing project bearing a plaque with the names of 102 residents who have died for a "united Ireland."

"I just can't imagine Northern Ireland without troubles," says James, a state-paid social worker who, at age 17, drove a burning bus into a British army barracks for the IRA. James insists the IRA will not disarm until the British leave. Although full-fledged civil war with Protestant paramilitaries could then result, James just says, "Things will have to get worse before they get better," better meaning an Ireland united on the IRA's terms.

As he was speaking, the British

and Irish Prime Ministers were hammering out a joint statement designed to persuade the IRA to give up violence in return for something far short of that. But concessions by democratic governments to secret undergrounds whose sole reason for existence is violence can easily backfire. Concessions to the IRA anger loyalist terrorists.

"The future of Northern Ireland will be decided on the streets of Belfast and not in secret meetings between London and Dublin," says Ray Smallwood, a fiery-eyed loyalist gunman who served eight years in prison for attempting to assassinate Irish Republican leader Bernadette Devlin. "I took up the gun because I felt condemned by the rest of the world," he explains. "The goalposts keep being moved in favor of Irish nationalism."

According to RUC sources, Protestant loyalists account for a majority of the 80 murders committed last year in West Belfast. Official figures show that 210 Protestants were arrested for terrorist offenses in 1993, versus 122 for the IRA. Smallwood says, "It's not a question of if, but of when Protestant violence reaches into the Republic of Ireland."

While the IRA has acquired its arms from Libya and from Irish-American sympathizers, the loyalists are turning to the bazaar of surplus Soviet weaponry in Eastern Europe. The largest consignment of weapons yet uncovered on its way to Protestant terrorists was intercepted in October by British intelligence. The two tons of plastic explosives and hun-

dreds of automatic rifles had been purchased in Poland for the Ulster Volunteer Force.

An IRA intelligence man believes that Protestant extremists now have a serious bomb-making capability. The RUC agrees that the large quantity of plastic explosive indicates an "upgrading in the loyalist arsenal."

Smallwood claims that the arms from Eastern Europe were purchased with money stolen in a bank robbery and adds that middle-class Protestants and "ordinary Christian men" are increasingly prepared to support loyalist terrorist groups with financial contributions.

Meanwhile, attacks on the IRA's veteran gunmen by British special-forces teams have weakened the organization. Also, sources within the IRA note a decline of support for violence, particularly "among Catholic women." It is such considerations which may be pushing Gerry Adams (the head of Sinn Féin) to entertain negotiations. But spokesmen for the British army warn that "the Adams approach is always to combine political development with terrorism."

In rural areas the IRA is far more difficult to penetrate, rooted as it is in tribal and family loyalties. A sniper in the border area of south Armagh has killed eight British soldiers recently with a U.S.-manufactured high-powered precision rifle. "I suppose you know that he is American," quips an IRA source about "The Jackal," who shot another victim on the day the British and Irish Prime Ministers met in Dublin.

—MARTIN AROSTEGUI

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist specializing in paramilitary affairs.

That leaves the two governments, whose vision of peace is deliberately less precise but which seems to be something like an end to terrorism in return for negotiation with all parties, including the former terrorists, that could lead either to a united Ireland or to the status quo, depending on the wishes of the Northern majority. In the interim this peace would probably involve new all-Ireland political structures and joint Anglo-Irish initiatives designed to render the distinction between Irish unity and division so theoretical—in a “European context” of blurred constitutional integration all around—that there would be no point in anyone’s fighting over it.

An appealing scenario. But one reason for thinking it might not be the likeliest outcome is that the pre-Christmas burst of peace euphoria was the work of, above all, the IRA and its political wing, Sinn Féin. Though the Downing Street declaration was crafted largely by the Irish Prime Minister, Mr. Reynolds, the political momentum behind it was created by the “Hume-Adams talks,” and by the revelation that the British government has been secretly negotiating through intermediaries with the IRA since last February—both sets of talks being IRA initiatives. The negotiations with the British started from an IRA message that began: “The conflict is over but we need your advice on how to bring it to a close.” The IRA disputes this wording as British disinformation suggesting an IRA surrender. But the fact that the talks continued through the Warrington and London bombings—which provoked anti-IRA demonstrations in Ireland as well as in Britain—suggests strongly that some such carrot was dangled before the Brits.

Why Peace Now?

WHY DID the IRA launch this peace offensive? The popular view in London and Dublin is that the IRA, though not actually defeated, had concluded that it could not drive the British out of Ireland by violence. Their supporters in the North were war-weary. After Warrington, the southern Irish were actively hostile to them. And the “loyalist” terrorists in Northern Ireland were increasingly efficient and well-armed, killing Catholics in retaliation

for IRA murders on better than a 1-to-1 basis. (The rise of Protestant terrorism is, as it happens, one of the unintended consequences of the Anglo-Irish agreement, which persuaded many Protestants that they could no longer rely on Britain and must therefore fend for themselves. But in the present atmosphere of enthusiasm for peace, few want to dwell on that.)

If this rosy estimate of IRA calculations is valid, then the Downing Street declaration was a public camouflage for a surrender-in-stages by the IRA. Subsequent talks would doubtless add internal reforms favorable to Catholics in the North, but the “unionist veto” and thus the border would stay. In effect, the unionists would have won.

But there is another, more ominous, and, alas, more plausible interpretation of IRA motives. This is that they concluded that the *British* were sufficiently war-weary to grasp at any hint of a ceasefire. In return for such a prospect, the IRA might get status as a partner in a “dialogue” with the British government, further disillusionment with Britain on the part of the unionists, and a series of political concessions. These might be made to the IRA in direct talks, or they might be offered to proxies such as John Hume—leader of the Catholic Social-Democratic Labour Party and the leading constitutional nationalist in Northern Ireland—or to the Irish government (both of whom sometimes play “soft cop” to the IRA’s “hard cop” in dealings with the Brits).

These calculations worked well—up to a point. The Downing Street declaration promoted the IRA from terrorist to political status. Both governments promised that Sinn Féin—which represents 2 per cent of voters in the Irish Republic and approximately one-third of the Catholic one-third in the North—would play a crucial role in all-party negotiations to draw up future reforms, if only it would announce a permanent end to violence. Of course, this gave the IRA a status it would be difficult to withdraw if no ceasefire was forthcoming. And the text of the declaration had more in it to persuade the IRA that events were moving in their direction, whether or not they cooperated in a ceasefire.

For although it is a carefully ambiguous balancing act—reaffirming both the Northern majority’s right to stay British and the right of the minority

or Dublin to press for Irish unity—the declaration’s rhetoric is distinctly nationalist in tone, with phrases like “the island of Ireland” scattered throughout. Insofar as a future direction for policy can be discerned, moreover, it seems to be the gradual establishment of joint Anglo-Irish authority over Northern Ireland. Here, for instance, is paragraph four: “The role of the British Government will be to encourage, facilitate, and enable the achievement of such agreement over a period through a process of dialogue and cooperation based on full respect for the rights and identities of both traditions in Ireland. They accept that such agreement may, as of right, take the form of agreed structures for the island as a whole, including a United Ireland achieved by peaceful means.”

Unexpected Acceptance

ALL IN ALL, the flavor of British-government intentions revealed in the declaration is a spiritless and reluctant shouldering of a burden it hoped might somehow be shared with others through the workings of the “peace process.” This might have been expected to delight the IRA—and to dismay the unionists.

In fact, the unionists publicly accepted the declaration, to which the canny leader of the official Unionist Party, Jim Molyneux, may have contributed a phrase or two. There were even statesmanlike endorsements of it from loyalist terror organizations, on the hard-headed grounds that its concessions to Irish nationalism were purely rhetorical. Only the Reverend Ian Paisley of the splinter Democratic-Unionist Party (DUP) came out in full-blooded opposition to it as a shameful sellout to Fenianism. But Dr. Paisley is so associated with explosions of outrage that a sardonic *Daily Mirror* reporter was able to respond: “So it’s a cautious welcome, then.”

Dr. Paisley’s honest outburst, however, almost certainly reflected not only the reaction of his constituents, but also the private calculations of other unionist leaders. So what is going on? The best guess is that the unionists reckon this latest “peace process” will, like all the earlier ones, run into the sand, and they don’t wish to be blamed for that failure. They will keep their powder dry for the negotiations—if any—in three months’ time.

For the declaration is extremely popular in Britain and, more significantly, in the Irish Republic. An *Irish Independent* poll, conducted in the Republic immediately after the declaration's signing, showed that 97 per cent of those questioned thought the IRA should give up its campaign of violence; 70 per cent said their preferred solution was a negotiated settlement accommodating the unionists (as against only 30 per cent who favored a united Ireland); and only 28 per cent would be prepared to pay higher taxes to sustain a united Ireland.

Given these figures, all the parties now supporting the declaration, including both governments, make a transparent calculation: Once the IRA calls off its campaign of violence, it will face popular opposition too strong to renew it. If it does not, the two governments will have popular support in bringing in a strong security crackdown. It is a win-win situation.

Perhaps it will turn out that way. Let us hope so. It is not impossible. But there are reasons for skepticism. To begin with, as the labyrinthine calculations of all the parties suggest, the declaration is a fragile document. It cannot be modified, or even interpreted, without upsetting this balance. Mr. Reynolds caused the first such upset a few days after the signing when he told an interviewer that any settlement would probably include an amnesty for convicted IRA terrorists. This outraged the unionists, and the British government promptly denied any such possibility—a denial later qualified by vague talk of “parole.”

First reactions from the IRA—which have included the bombing of a police station and the murder of a soldier—suggest that they see a way to exploit this fragility. A meeting of Sinn Féin and IRA activists, some of them on Christmas parole from prison, came up with the idea of neither accepting nor rejecting the declaration, but instead seeking to “tease out” its implications while continuing the terror campaign. If the two governments were to yield to this temptation—Mr. Major has rejected the idea out of hand—perhaps by publicly teasing out new implications through John Hume as a sort of intermediary, that would have the additional benefit for Irish nationalists of driving the Protestants into an unpopular intransigence.

But will not public opinion also con-

demn the IRA for its continued terrorism? Certainly, but perhaps not where it counts—among Ulster Catholics. In the last twenty years, a gradual ethnic cleansing has produced a segregated Northern Ireland. Ninety per cent of the people live in communities that are almost wholly Catholic (nationalist) or Protestant (unionist). Partly as a result, the province has been much less influenced by the post-religious liberalism that has rendered the rest of the British Isles less fervently nationalist. Even the war-weary majority in these segregated communities is more susceptible to nationalist appeals and, among Catholics, less prepared to assist the Royal Ulster Constabulary or the British army. The minority that will actively help the IRA—or, in today's circumstances, “understand” its decision to keep bombing—is a significant one. Even were that not so, a terrorist organization has an advantage in negotiating with a democratic government: it is better able to ignore public opinion.

Mr. Major, having talked up the “peace process,” will find it difficult to resist any interpretation that the Irish government and John Hume tease out of the declaration in order to entice the IRA to the negotiating table. If that happens and talks are held, he will be unable to quarrel seriously with Mr. Reynolds. If talks should fail because of British disagreements with the Irish government, Mr. Major will be seen by much of public opinion to be “prolonging the conflict” (probably on the grounds that he should have stood up to the unionists). And in the event of such failure, the British army will be fighting an enemy which its own government has substantially legitimized.

This puts Mr. Reynolds, assisted by Mr. Hume, in a strong position. Without saying so, he probably hopes to *confuse* the unionists into a united Ireland via a constitutional maze of joint authorities over many years—if the IRA will step aside and let this happen. This is a fantasy, though a relatively benign one. There are only two ways in which a united Ireland can be established. The first is when nationalism in Ireland has become so much a matter of cultural nostalgia that no one strongly opposes Irish unity because no one passionately desires it. That still seems a long way off.

The second route is if the British

government were to expel a million of its citizens from the United Kingdom and the British army were to force them into a united Ireland—a course of action that would require more British troops than now (to suppress a larger guerrilla force), involve many more deaths, and demand a great deal more money from the British (and probably the American) taxpayer. That eventuality is likely to be even more delayed than the first.

Mere withdrawal by the British army (which the latest IRA statements seem to be demanding as the minimum price for a ceasefire), far from producing a united Ireland, would postpone it forever by provoking a full-scale civil war, the expulsion of Protestants from the border areas and of Catholics from Belfast, and the establishment of a smaller but permanent Protestant garrison state.

Unaccountable, Irresponsible

AS WELL as resting on various fantasies, the peace process obstructs policies that really might improve Northern Ireland, since all reforms are being kept on hold until they can be discussed in negotiations that include Sinn Féin. Yet, as Simon Jenkins points out in an original analysis in the *London Spectator*, many of the province's problems stem from the fact that its politicians are excluded from responsibility for day-to-day government and so from real accountability to the people. Housing, town planning, education, libraries, etc. have been removed from local governments—because the British did not trust local sectarian majorities to govern local minorities fairly—and placed in the hands of appointed boards responsible to Whitehall. As a result, Northern Irish politics is either confined to local trivialities—or diverted into stirring up sectarian passions on the national question.

As Mr. Jenkins points out, however, the paradoxical result of the segregation that has taken place in the last two decades is that local governments, may now be safely restored (within carefully drawn boundaries) since there are very few local minorities to oppress. Normal politics might then revive as the voters and politicians argued over roads and schools—and the importance of terrorists would be correspondingly reduced.

Sensible though it is, Mr. Jenkins's approach cannot work if terrorism continues unabated. Nothing can. Law and order will remain the responsibility of the two central governments, which have so far shirked the only measure likely to restore it: the internment of both IRA and loyalist terrorists. But people are more likely to accept internment if the IRA rejects this last chance for "peace" and carries on bombing. Although Mr. Reynolds has already ruled out internment in the Republic as part of any security crackdown, the changed moral atmosphere of Irish politics gives Mr. Major some leverage here. Whether or not he

can persuade Dublin to join him, he will not encounter strong southern-Irish hostility if he puts away Catholic and Protestant terrorists at the same time as he extends real local power to Catholic and Protestant politicians. This is likely to prove a more fruitful approach to restoring normality in Northern Ireland than the pursuit of a "peace" that is in the end dependent upon the IRA's favor and thus a permanent excuse for British passivity on security and reform.

Much of the world thinks the problem is that Britain is governing Northern Ireland; the real problem is that Britain refuses to do just that. □

with patriotic embarrassment the sniggering bewilderment of the British press as an obscure law professor with a bad employment history trotted out Long Dong Silver, pubic hair in the soda pop, and all the rest. Who could credit Anita Hill's amazing stories about a man who had emerged unblemished from five FBI and Senate investigations, not to mention the prying, gossipy investigations by all of the major "news" organizations (a rigorous scrutiny that Miss Hill herself never suffered)?

By the time the Senate hearings were over, most Americans—by a factor of 2 to 1—believed that Clarence Thomas was telling the truth. Today more people believe that Anita Hill was telling the truth. What happened? No new facts have come to light. There have been no damaging revelations about Justice Thomas or extenuating discoveries about Anita Hill. Why have people changed their minds?

It boils down to this: If you repeat something often enough, it comes to have the ring of truth. Anita Hill was in the right: necessarily. Victim, heroine, scholar, brilliant jurist, and bright hope for the downtrodden everywhere. This is what we all heard from the media again and again. Never mind that her performance as a lawyer was judged by some of her peers to be "substandard" or that much of her testimony was uncorroborated. Quoth Hillary Clinton at the time: "All women who care about equality of opportunity, about integrity and morality in the workplace, are in Professor Hill's debt." Gee. And it follows—don't you see?—that supporters of Thomas must *not* care about equality of opportunity, that they must be indifferent to "integrity and morality in the workplace."

The Brock Case

IN THE foreword to his best-selling book *The Real Anita Hill*, David Brock correctly observed that "to question or criticize Anita Hill is tantamount to breaking a potent political and cultural taboo." But one wonders if even Mr. Brock realized just how potent this taboo had become. Indeed, the history of the reception of *The Real Anita Hill* is an object lesson in the operation of conspiracy by Zeitgeist.

Tracking the Hill-Thomas Case

TRIAL BY ZEITGEIST

At first, most Americans believed Clarence Thomas; now most believe Anita Hill. What changed?

ROGER KIMBALL

Women should be supported regardless of proof.
—Anita Hill

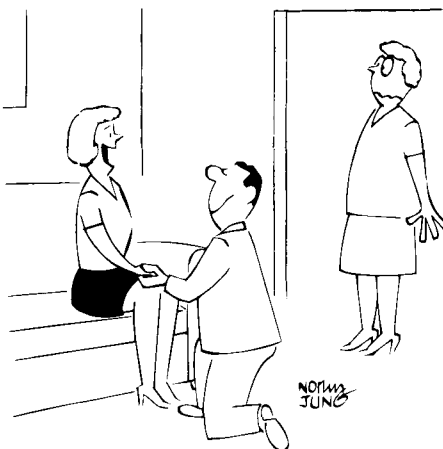
THERE'S nothing like a double standard for waging ideological warfare. All those messy questions of conscience and fair play: presto! Moot, gone, vanished. What difference do they make if you are *ontologically* in the right? In such cases, your opponents don't *deserve* the same consideration that you enjoy.

This of course is the revolutionary's credo. But it has also, disturbingly, become the basic operating assumption of the left-liberal establishment. It helps constitute the climate of opinion, the moral atmosphere, on issues from abortion and homosexuality to race relations, free speech, and economic policy. Accordingly, the campaign for the conscience of America is less and less a debate about desirable goals and efficient policies—politics in the old sense—and more and more an all-out ideological battle in which the self-declared forces of light con-

front the putative emissaries of darkness.

Consider the televised spectacle of Anita Hill testifying against Clarence Thomas. This was surely among the most inglorious episodes of public deliberation in recent decades. It also offered a perfect illustration of trial—and conviction—by Zeitgeist.

I happened to be in London when the hearings hotbed up. I remember



"Mom, Kevin just asked me to live with him."

Treatment of the book has followed a course analogous to that accorded to Clarence Thomas. It was at first greeted by generally favorable reviews. There were, to be sure, criticisms and qualifications, as much on the Right as on the Left. The notice in *NATIONAL REVIEW*, for example, raised several questions about Mr. Brock's presentation. But even such bastions of liberal orthodoxy as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* conceded the book's virtues.

And its relentless, devastating exposure of Anita Hill. The reviewer for the *Times*, for example, concluded that Mr. Brock's book, "carefully written and powerful in its logic," was "extremely damaging" to Miss Hill's case, while the *Post* grudgingly allowed that it did "poke some holes" in her claims. What these journalists initially responded to was the passion for discovery that animates Mr. Brock's book, the sense that he would follow the evidence wherever it led.

But then came the backlash, with the *New York Times* leading the way. The feminist moralizer Anna Quindlen thundered that the book was "steeped in ideology." The venerable *Times* columnist Anthony Lewis weighed in under the headline "Sleaze with Footnotes." Mr. Lewis was particularly exercised that David Brock had received a grant from the John M. Olin Foundation, an institution that is routinely excoriated by the liberal establishment. The grant was for all of \$5,000. As it happens, this was exactly the sum Mr. Lewis himself received from Olin for a lecture he gave at the Air Force Academy. For some reason, Mr. Lewis neglected to mention this fact. Perhaps the moral is that it is okay for Mr. Lewis to accept money from the dreaded Olin Foundation because he has the correct opinions, whereas Mr. Brock must forgo it because he does not.

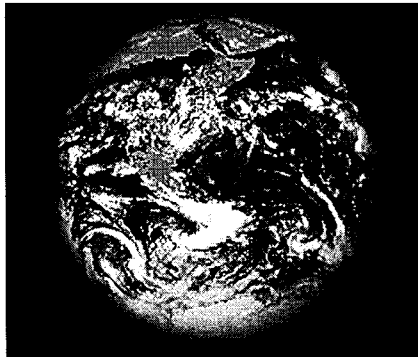
The Olin Foundation also came up in the long review of *The Real Anita Hill* that *The New Yorker* ran in May. Written by Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson, who are themselves writing a book on Anita Hill to compete with Mr. Brock's book, the review referred vaguely to Mr. Brock's having been "bankrolled" by the Olin Foundation. By leaving the sum unspecified, and by using the term "bankroll," they created the pleasing impression of tens of thousands of dollars being fun-

neled covertly to Mr. Brock for nefarious or at least questionable purposes.

Misses Mayer and Abramson come on in the best high-dudgeon *New Yorker* style: "What is so troubling about Brock is that he pretends to be neutral when he is not." Unlike them, you understand. Mr. Brock's methods, they sniff, threaten to do "a real disservice to history." Hence the moral imperative for their article—to rescue "this important piece of American history" from being "abandoned to the ideologues." Ah! Mr. Brock is an "ideologue" while they are—why, just liberal journalists doing what liberal journalists always do nowadays.

The issue of Mr. Brock's ideological purity has been raised repeatedly in

the response to his book. When he is interviewed on television, it is always with a supporter of Miss Hill to give "balance." When a supporter of Miss Hill is interviewed, it is done solo in order to give viewers an "in-depth look at one woman's story of being victimized." When Mr. Brock appeared on the *Today* show, for example, the Hill groupie Charles Ogletree was there to declare *The Real Anita Hill* riddled with errors (no specifics given) and to cheer on the interviewer while she asked Mr. Brock: "Is it really fair to call yourself an objective journalist?" When Timothy Phelps, author of the pro-Hill *Capitol Games*, appeared on the show by himself, the interviewer oozed all over him: "In your book, you



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say that the White House organized women's groups to support Thomas. . . . Can you tell us about that?"

Mr. Brock has patiently replied to his detractors, but often to no discernible effect. In response to Misses Mayer and Abramson, for instance, he wrote a detailed rejoinder that *The New Yorker* declined to publish. Why? The explanation was that, in the first place, *The New Yorker* does not publish letters and, in the second, their "fact checkers" had prepared a long memorandum rebutting Mr. Brock in a "point-by-point analysis."

Well. It's true that *The New Yorker* does not publish letters—or didn't, anyway, until several weeks after Mr. Brock's was turned down. But that "point-by-point analysis," what of it? It is available for the asking from *The New Yorker*, and it is worth asking for—though not exactly for the reasons one might think. For one thing, despite being organized into numbered entries, it turns out not to be "point by point." It leaves much of Mr. Brock's response—and the central argument of his book—unchallenged. Moreover, what it does challenge it mostly obscures. The plethora of irrelevant or

misleading detail assembled in that twenty-odd-page document is marvelous to behold. It offers one or two minor corrections—corrections that Mr. Brock gratefully acknowledged in his reply, eventually published by *The American Spectator*. But it leaves everything essential either unchallenged or challenged only by unsubstantiated assertion.

The Facts, Ma'am

REMEMBER the scenario: Anita Hill accused Clarence Thomas of sexually harassing her a decade earlier. But Mr. Thomas had no history of sexual harassment—whereas most harassers are compulsive recidivists. No other credible witness came forward to accuse Mr. Thomas: not one. Moreover, of Anita Hill's four witnesses, only one, Susan Hoerchner, testified both to the details of the alleged harassment and to the identity of the harasser.

And it turned out that Miss Hoerchner's memory was fuzzy. She couldn't remember the exact date of her conversation with Anita Hill (and Mr. Brock admits she couldn't). But she

apparently did remember where she was living when the conversation took place: in Washington. And since she moved to California in September 1981, before Anita Hill went to work for Clarence Thomas, and since she subsequently lost touch with Miss Hill, the conversation with about sexual harassment could not possibly have involved Clarence Thomas. After all, it's difficult to harass someone at work when you aren't yet working with her.

This was a point that Anita Hill's lawyer must have spotted only during the Senate testimony, for the following exchange took place: Miss Hoerchner is being questioned about where she was living when she got the first phone call from Anita Hill about being sexually harassed. She begins to reply. Then the penny drops and Janet Napolitano, Miss Hill's lawyer, asks for a recess to consult with Miss Hoerchner off the record:

QUESTION: "So, that would make it prior to September of 1981."

ANSWER: "Yes, if my memory—"

NAPOLITANO: "Can I meet with the witness?"

Mirabile dictu, when testimony resumes, Susan Hoerchner retained no memory of the circumstances of her conversation with Anita Hill.

On this crucial point, Misses Mayer and Abramson, together with the *New Yorker* fact-checkers, produce enough fudge to open a candy store. But Mr. Brock's argument sticks. And the Senate has taken it seriously enough to table Janet Napolitano's nomination to be a U.S. attorney. Apparently, her behavior looked to the senators the way it looks to anyone not blinded by allegiance to the cause of Anita Hill: as an attempt to coach a witness who is testifying under oath.

The effect of the Zeitgeist on people's assumptions can be startling. It was widely assumed that Anita Hill, because she had worked for a Republican Administration, was herself a Republican. Much was made of this in the press. As a professor from the University of Colorado put it, "Why would she lie? What did she actually gain from her actions? Politically a conservative and identified with her tenure in the Reagan Administration, she clearly was not a liberal." Another professor spoke confidently of Miss Hill as a Republican and described Robert

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Bork (who had briefly been her teacher at Yale) as her "mentor and friend." And a law professor acquainted with Miss Hill remarked that "I suspect she's a card-carrying Republican. She is cut from the same cloth as Clarence Thomas."

But she isn't. Nor is she a Republican. Nor was Robert Bork her "mentor and friend." Nor is she "politically a conservative." In an interview on *60 Minutes*, she acknowledged that she was a Democrat (to the patent surprise of Ed Bradley, her interviewer). And the *Wall Street Journal*, reporting her activities as an advisor to a feminist group at the Oklahoma Law School, quoted one former member who recalled that "at our meetings, if it wasn't Reagan-bashing it was Bush-bashing."

So she's a Democrat. What difference does it make? In an intelligent notice of *The Real Anita Hill* for *The New Republic*, Jean Bethke Elshtain makes fun of Mr. Brock for having pointed out that Miss Hill was not a "Reagan Republican, but a 'registered Democrat' (horror!)." But Professor Elshtain's levity is misplaced. Miss Hill's political affiliation and ideological convictions became important the moment they were used as ammunition against Clarence Thomas. Miss Hill did nothing to correct the impression that she shared Mr. Thomas's political outlook—until it became a liability to her lucrative career as a feminist martyr. And the Left was happy to go along.

Did Someone Say 'Facts'?

NOT THAT logic or an elementary respect for the facts have played a conspicuous part in the expostulations of the pro-Hill lobby. Indeed, much of the comment borders on the incredible. Some of it crosses the border. A handy compendium of border-crossings is contained in the attractively titled *Racing Justice, En-Gendering Power: Essays on Anita Hill, Clarence Thomas, and the Construction of Social Reality*, edited with an introduction by Toni Morrison.

This volume provides a veritable feverchart of the Zeitgeist on Anita Hill. It is also strong evidence that many of Miss Hill's supporters secretly know that they are on shaky ground. For instead of challenging the factual basis

of Mr. Brock's account, as Misses Mayer and Abramson at least pretended to do, many of the contributors deny that "facts" have anything much to do with the case. Consider the following passage from Homi K. Bhabha's contribution to this volume. I apologize in advance to the English language.

In providing a knowledge of sexual harassment as a structural endemic condition that finds its social form as affective, even psychic reality, Hill has subtly complicated the question of "truth." Thomas can no longer just confirm or deny the allegations, because the widening circle of guilt makes that option futile, or purely formalistic. The very system of truth and falsity within which he operates, as part of the common culture, is founded on the evasion of the endemic reality of women's exploitation. And likewise Anita Hill must be believed not because she was personally speaking the truth, but because her affective language is symptomatic of the collective sexual condition of working women.

Yes, it sounds ridiculous. It is ridiculous. It also is pernicious. But this is exactly the sort of thing that passes muster as "critical theory" in the acad-

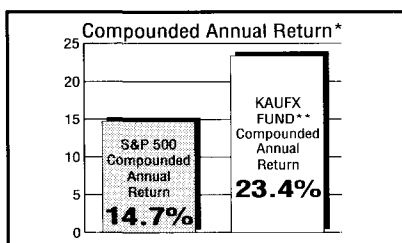
emy today. The rule is: if the facts don't accord with your politics, declare the very notion of factual truth moot. Then it is a simple matter to "construct" the truth according to your wishes. This is the bottom line, the "cash value" of "social construction" theory.

The campaign to resurrect Anita Hill as a feminist heroine has been relentless and has proceeded on many fronts. It has resulted in the unfounded discrediting of Clarence Thomas in the public eye and the unwarranted dismissal of a perspicacious work of investigative journalism. Even more damaging has been the erosion of truth—of public knowledge about what really happened in this grisly episode—and a further undermining of public confidence in the democratic process. The facts have not changed. Clarence Thomas still stands exonerated by numerous governmental and media investigations; Anita Hill still stands exposed as guilty of dubious behavior and questionable responses under oath. But the Zeitgeist has spoken. Liberals who hope to pacify everyone by announcing that there is "truth on both sides"—that in some

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sense Justice Thomas and Miss Hill were *both* telling the truth—should think about this. Is there a single piece of evidence they can adduce to impugn the substance of Thomas's testimony? I'd like to see it. The English

critic William Hazlitt, writing about the sudden decline of a literary reputation, noted that nothing about the writer's achievement had changed. "Were we fools then," Hazlitt asked, "or are we dishonest now?" □

Sofia Diary

BACK TO BULGARIA

After the grim days of Todor Zhivkov, Bulgaria is now an improbably cheerful venue of post-Communism.

ROBERT CONQUEST

A FEW months ago I was, for the first time since 1948, in Bulgaria, where I once lived for some years, and in whose language I am fluent.

The reason for this fluency lay even further in the past. In 1937 my friend John Blakeway and I were bumming around Europe for eight or ten weeks, including a few days in northeast Bulgaria. When we arrived in Paris I was met and whisked off by my then girlfriend. John, left alone, saw some students begging in the gutter in the Rue de la Sorbonne. Pretty broke himself, he joined them. They turned out to be Bulgarians, and we soon became very friendly with them, in particular with Ivan Ranchev (little guessing that this friendship would be renewed in Bulgaria, where John would eventually join us, and from which Ivan would eventually escape).

Some years later I was briefly acting as adjutant at my regiment's Infantry Training Center. A War Office circular asked for officers to learn certain languages. One was Bulgarian. I put in for this. A few weeks later my colonel roared: "What's all this about your going on a four-month course?"

"You remember, sir, you signed it."

The School of Slavonic Studies was a wonderful working holiday after years of service in an infantry battalion—cut short when they sent me and another good Bulgarian-absorber to Italy for Balkan operations.

I was flown into Bulgaria from Bari in a Dakota in the late summer of

1944. I recall considerable fright when our escort belatedly made rendezvous: they had told us that it would be Spitfires, but in fact it was Mustangs, and their square-cut wings looked Messerschmitt to us. However all went well; and I was based in Bulgaria for some three and a half years.

THIS TIME, I arrived by Lufthansa.

I had written to Ilya Kovachev, an old friend from that earlier period, but he hadn't received the letter. In my first television interview, I asked after him. At my main lecture (partly in Bulgarian) at the Palace of Culture, he turned up. For several days he and my wife and I went round together. Liddle photographed us in front of the statue of Tsar Alexander II—the Tsar Liberator—where we had been photographed together in 1944 (as reproduced in the U.S. *Humanities* magazine, May–June 1992).

Liddle also photographed me a few yards further on, pointing to a large poster advertising "Mis Toples-Shou 1993," with a subtitle to be translated as "new type monokini." This was outside a fine Victorian house formerly owned by the rich Yablanski-Panitza family. In 1945, they rented out most of it to the British Military and Political Mission, as a dormitory and clubhouse for us. I well remember "Dimi" Panitza, then 12 or 13 (I knew him

Mr. Conquest is a fellow at the Hoover Institution in Stanford, California.

years later as head of the *Reader's Digest* office in Paris, the family having long since escaped). The house was now the Chinese Embassy. Panitza, however, had come back and was applying for its return.

Nearby in the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral, I stood on the very spot where I had stood with the British ambassador ("minister" in those days) at the New Year's Mass in 1946. We had formed three-quarters of a hollow square (no seats): on the left the diplomatic corps, at the center the government, on the right the generals. The Exarch came to each group in turn and harangued them on their duties. My chief then turned to me and muttered: "Now they start cawing like crows." Not a bad description of the Orthodox chants, though I find them moving enough. I learned a useful parody: even in my voice it conjures up ancient rites:

*Pop Stavrei pieshe ezhednevno
po edno bure bira priblizitelno—
priblizitelno, priblizitelno,
priblizitelno, pri-bli-zii-tel-nooo
(Priest Stavrei drank daily one bar-
rel of beer approx-i-mately—approx-
imately, approximately, etc.)*

"Pop" of course carries a tone of over-familiarity not to be found in "priest," for which there is also a more formal word.

Stefan I (Exarch, because the Bulgarian Orthodox Church was still then in schism) was a large, impressive figure, often met in Sofia. Indeed, a few hours later Liddie and I were standing on or near the spot in the reception room at the British Embassy where, nearly fifty years ago, I would say to the magnificent figure in his robes and his high white miter with a cross of pearls, "Martini or Manhattan, Your Beatitude?"

The veteran dragoman at the Embassy and I recognize each other and chat briefly. Then on to an editorial meeting at the leading literary weekly: a mass of tobacco smoke and good talk. One older member of the editorial board remembers from years ago and quotes a translation into Bulgarian that Ivan and I had made of "When I came home on Friday night as pissed as I could be"—one of half a dozen such projections of English culture, of which the most successful was a version of "They're digging up grandpa's grave."

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Such events have been put in hand by Alex Alexiev, the Bulgarian-American scholar, and the actual arrangements are in the competent hands of Velislava Grutkova, in part on behalf of the New University, a small but booming alternative to other higher education. Our car and driver (also totally reliable and calmly friendly) are provided by the legendary Soros Foundation, launched by the West's most understanding and successful operator in Eastern Europe.

A woman who worked as a translator in our 1940s press office gives a splendid dinner for us—professors, the Agrarian leader, others. She herself has been years in jail: once for trying to escape, once as a “parasite”—that is, being unable to get anyone to risk giving her a job on her release.

It is with such experiences in mind that I later read Julian Barnes's novel *The Porcupine*. It is set in an unnamed Balkan country, but in fact—with only a few gestures to other backgrounds—in Bulgaria, where Barnes was on a visit during the crisis of the regime.

Barnes handles some of the local color, and much else, rather well. But the main theme of the novel is the trial of the former Communist dictator, Petkanov, and especially his defense that it was all done in the higher interests of the Party, and that the prosecutor had himself been a privileged beneficiary of the regime. The latter, moreover, finds it difficult to prove the accusations in strict accordance with the legal system, and falls back on emotional harangues.

It is in the nature of things that few of those who went through the totalitarian phase survived wholly unscathed. Our admiration for the true dissidents must be unstinted. But few are capable (is Barnes? am I?) of such supreme commitment. Moreover, in the absence of a free atmosphere, independent thinking often came only gradually. Charges of taking benefits from the Communists have been leveled against Vaclav Havel himself.

More striking yet, although “Petkanov” is bitter and contemptuous about Gorbachev, Honecker, Ceausescu, and the rest for their disloyalty to the Communist idea, the actual Bulgarian leader was no exception. Indeed Zhivkov, after his fall, said clearly that for years he and his colleagues had lost all real belief in the system. I know that Barnes's book is,

in effect, a morality play, and want mainly to insist that its Bulgarian accoutrements fit badly. But more generally, too, the defense “I did it in what I feel to be a good cause” is of psychological or dramatic but not essential significance: as another novelist, Vasily Grossman, has written, Nazis defended Auschwitz on the same grounds.

One of Zhivkov's not so far “proven” crimes was the celebrated case of the writer Georgi Markov, killed in London with poison implanted by the stab of an umbrella. I had spoken with Markov, who had earlier been the white hope of Communist literature, a year or two before his death, and he told me that he knew himself to be in particularly bad odor because of his firsthand accounts of Zhivkov over the BBC. These included his telling how Zhivkov, his host at the former royal chalet at Cham-koria, had said to him in awed tones, “Tonight you will sleep in the bed of a king!”

On this trip, my wife and I stayed a couple of days in Zhivkov's former hunting lodge near the Macedonian border. It is a fine example of Communist bad taste: massive chandeliers, marble, huge oak tables, ill-fitting doors. The long lily ponds doubled as carefully deployed emergency trenches in case of trouble.

We also had Zhivkov's ex-royal box at the opera in Sofia. Our hotel, the Sheraton-Balkan, is expensive. However, we got opera tickets there for twenty dollars, which included limousine and an attendant who served champagne and caviar between scenes, in the little salon behind, also pointing out the special escape hatch Zhivkov had built. Bulgarian opera has always had a high reputation. I used to meet its singers in London at the house of my escaped friend Pashanko Dimitrov. (Pashanko, himself a musician, had actually committed the offense the secret police had arrested him for—an attempt to blow up a statue of Stalin. Working in the swamps in the notorious labor camp at Belene eventually led to his losing the use of his legs.)

As to the Sheraton-Balkan: I have stayed in five hotels in St. Petersburg and five in Moscow, others in East Berlin, in Tbilisi, and so on, and even the best of them does not compare with this Bulgarian effort. The staff are incomparably more cooperative

and efficient, in a relaxed way, than any of their equivalents. Like other Slavs, the Bulgarians have the expression "*Angliska tochnost*," "English punctuality," meaning merely "punctuality." But, generally speaking, these and others we encountered were, in this sense, pretty Anglicized.

Outside there are still the exotic, well-remembered scenes—gypsy beg-



Alan Nahigian

gars, groups of Pomak strummers and singers. The Pomaks are ethnically and linguistically Bulgarian Moslems (equivalent to the Bosnians in ex-Yugoslavia). I recall a Bulgar song in which a young man tells his mother how he longs to go "beyond Etropole," to see the beautiful "white Pomakini, the pale Boshnakini."

A few hundred yards away, there is a school opposite my old, not at all fashionable, flat. Liddle notes how much healthier the children look than in Russia; and says the same about the quality of shoes seen round town. Even so, the Communists have run the economy, and the ecology, into the ground. Talleyrand's remark, "It is worse than a crime, it is a mistake," might in a sense apply to the Stalinist regimes: but, as Boris Pasternak noted, the immensity of the crimes was in part due to the need to cover up the immensity of the mistakes.

Bulgaria has learned from these mistakes, as it did earlier from its three disastrous efforts to gain an ostensibly justifiable ethnic frontier. This cumulative defeat has left almost all Bulgarians accepting the reasona-

bly fair status quo. There is little more wish to regain territories once occupied, or even the strip of Bulgarian villages to the north of the White Sea (as the Aegean is called in these languages), than there is in France for the Channel Islands.

Macedonia is another question. As Bulgarian leaders said to me, the last thing they want is trouble, but if the fighting spreads it would be hard to let that country go under. Meanwhile, in foreign affairs Bulgaria is an island of sanity in the Balkans.

IN A RECENT column Richard Reeves spoke of millions of people from Poland to Bulgaria who hate capitalism. This is based on the current electoral successes of ex-Communist politicians. Its particle of truth is that many people do resent the new rich, as they did the old *privilegentsia*. Its fallacy is that this implies anti-capitalism as such. In Bulgaria, as in Poland, Lithuania, and elsewhere, the ex-Communist parties have long since purged their ideologues and have shed Marxism. However reluctantly, they all accept reform and the market system. They differ in principle from the more democratic parties only on questions of method and—in particular—timing: they want a slower tempo, and a large measure of state cushioning of the impact on employment: measures which are temporarily, but only temporarily, more "socialist" than big-bang programs; and (more vaguely) they want, *some* for know-nothing rather than socialist reasons, to maintain some state ownership.

As interest groups, the ex-Communist parties now represent established management, old bureaucrats, and the heads of non-viable industries. All the same, the government has gone ahead with privatization comparatively quickly. There are still great tensions in the Bulgarian political leadership, but so far at least they have not been as virulent as might be expected in a country emerging "from under the rubble." And for every person who "hates capitalism" there are a thousand who hate socialism.

One Bulgarian deputy laments to me: "We do not have experienced politicians": I answer that experience is not the whole solution, if one looks at the Bush, Major, and other Western administrations of recent years.

The Bulgarian political scene is not

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all that edifying. All the same, it is vastly superior to the position in Rumania or Serbia.

AT THE OLD Kliment Okhrid University, we just miss the presentation of an honorary doctorate to George Soros. As in most universities, there are narrow corridors with endless notice boards and reams of announcements. It comes as a slight shock to see among them the meeting time and place of a student branch of IMRO, the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, which was the most feared terrorist organization in the world sixty years ago. Now IMRO, or a section of it, is the leading political party in Macedonia.

Macedonian is far closer to Bulgarian than to any other tongue. The Macedonian "*od nashiot ubav kraj*" ("from our beautiful region") would in Bulgarian be "*ot nashiya hubav kraj*." Indeed Bulgarian dialects are about as deviant, as with the Shopski (Sofia basin) "*Stani tizi yaz da sednem*" (Stand up so that I can sit down), which in pure Bulgarian would be "*Stani ti az da sedna*"—a great psychological distillation too.

MY BULGARIAN remains good. Out in the mountains, our driver refers to a "*taralezh*," evidently some kind of animal. After ten minutes it all comes back—it means "hedgehog," "*Kato ezh, ama po-maluk*" ("like a porcupine only smaller"), I say.

"*Tochno*" ("exactly").

Not bad after four decades with a word I had probably never used.

We pass through villages of a type seen everywhere from Bosnia all along the mountain stretch through Turkey and the Caucasus to Afghanistan. Red-tiled houses on little torrents, peppers drying on the terraces, an air of self-reliance.

This is as we turn off from the Struma valley into the wilder country; ahead of us is the highest peak in the Balkans, for a time called Mount Stalin but now again Musala—the Kiss of God. It slips out of sight as we head into the ravines and valleys which lead to the Rila Monastery—the isolated and well-bastioned center which did much to keep Bulgarian culture alive under the Turks. The paintings outside its central church con-

tinue to show "the terrifying crudities of Hell." Inside the only surprise and novelty is the as yet incomplete tomb already inscribed for Tsar Boris III, who died "mysteriously" not long after disobeying Hitler in 1943.

THERE is now a major Boris III Avenue in Sofia. The former Georgi Dimitrov Avenue (named for the "father of Bulgarian Communism") is now once more named for Boris's sister, Princess Maria Luisa.

In my time there were receptions at the palace, with ballet at which one was seated at a table with wine and snacks—marvelous. We were once presented to King Simeon, a babe in arms, just before the declaration of a



"I'm going to enter politics. Which party best suits my interests?"

republic. Recently I found my name as one of two honorary members of the board of the Bulgarian-American Cultural Association. The other (quite unexpectedly) was "Simeon Saks-Koburg-Gotski—businessman": this latter description apparently a concession to republican émigrés, though I am told that he has now withdrawn.

There were no titles in Bulgaria, apart from members of the royal family. Under the Turks the leading figures, comparatively rich merchants, were known as *chorbadzhii*—soupers (i.e., givers of soup to the poor). The word is Turkish in both parts—*chorba* is soup; and the "dzhi" ending is common in Turkish. The oddest usage, from a century and more ago, is the word "*comitadji*," as it is usually spelt in English, a guerrilla operating in unliberated territory: meaning simply committeeman—i.e., of the revolution-ary committee.

In the first decade of the century, young men would spend their summer holidays crossing the Turkish border as *comitadji*. When I lived there, friends would not seldom have an old photograph of their father with such a group of his student colleagues, looking just like properly posed Western rowing or cricket teams of the period except that, instead of oars or bats, they held old-fashioned rifles.

It might be expected that the Bulgarians would harbor hostile feelings to their former imperialist oppressor. But this is hardly to be found; and any xenophobia is more often directed at Greeks, or Serbs.

Bulgaria does not now have bad ethnic problems. The Turks are numerous in the northeast, but there was little animus toward them or from them until, a decade or so ago, the Zhivkov government suddenly introduced anti-Turkish measures, abolishing their names, confiscating property, and so on—and created a hitherto nonexistent problem. This was quite nasty for a time, but has now calmed down. In fact Turkish deputies often hold the balance in the Sobranie (parliament), not always with ideal results.

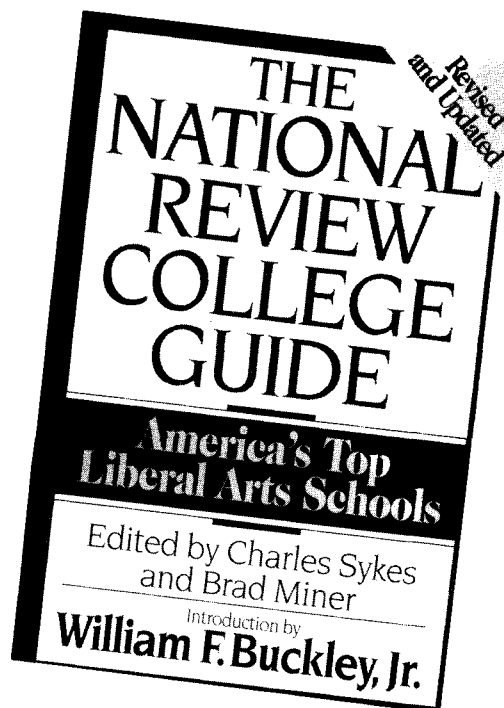
Besides, most Bulgarians regard as a special spice to their language the many Turkish words which have drifted in. The commonest imprecations are Turkish, including the universal "*ay siktir*" and its variants, which would mean (to a Bulgar) "f--- you," or "f--- off."

In general, Bulgarian history has seen a fair amount of political fanaticism, but little of the racial or religious varieties. The country's refusal to deport its Jews was unique in Nazi-dominated Europe, and in part due to the strong intervention of the Exarch. Senator Moynihan has rightly pointed out in his *Pandaemonium* that in the old pre-totalitarian days minorities lived all over Eastern Europe, often persecuted but not extirpated or expelled. The new Nazi-Stalinist type of ethnic cleansing was never to take hold in an already comparatively tolerant Bulgaria.

Opposite the old palace is the tomb of Georgi Dimitrov, an ugly concrete half-cube, which was the Bulgarian equivalent of the Lenin mausoleum in Moscow. Now it is abandoned—no use could be found for it, since the interior proved too cramped for a proposed cultural center. Its outer walls were cov-

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ered with spray-painted graffiti of two types: obscene remarks and advertisements for rock bands.

I had met Georgi Dimitrov occasionally at diplomatic receptions, and we once had a conversation with no one else present. Quite late at night Dimitrov, then prime minister but also temporarily in charge of foreign affairs, received me, heard my complaints about an article slandering a British officer killed in action with the partisans, and ordered an apology, which appeared the next day: a rare moment to set against much villainy.

CLOSED down by the pro-German regime, the old "American College" (in fact high school) at Simeonovo just outside Sofia is reopening. It was alma mater to a large number of Bulgaria's best, including Ivan and Ilya—who was arrested in what would have been an American College Alumni Trial, though this was abandoned after Stalin's death.

Now an American University proper has opened in Blagoevgrad, some hours to the southwest. I speak to a student audience—in English, since this is the place's official language. The trustees have taken over a huge and ornate palace, with patios, fountains, and columns, the former Party headquarters for a small province. A Bulgarian writer I had previously met in New York gives us dinner at the nicest place in the town, with a beautiful outlook over the Struma and toward the Pirin mountains. The hospitality is splendid, the room low-ceilinged and wooden-walled, the food very tolerable, the pop music (as ever) pretty intolerable. Liddie suggests, as the title for a rather sinister short story, "The Best Restaurant in Blagoevgrad."

THE BULGARIANS, as a nation, have no "identity problem." They spend little time seeking legitimation from others. They can joke about their communal self-centeredness: "There is nothing higher than Vitosha, there is nothing deeper than the Isker, there is nowhere further than Sofia"—and do remember to pronounce it SO-fia, not So-FEE-ya.

I remember Ivananchev telling

me how, when he was at the American College, they had a pen-friend letter from the United States, asking about their life—did they have electricity, and so on. He and his friends dressed in loincloths, got the local blacksmith to act as teacher, and posed with him and a blackboard in a barn full of hay—sending this as a classroom picture to their correspondent. He also recalled how comically pleased they were when they heard a forgotten (at least by me) song of the Twenties: "Oh how I love Bulgarians. They can jump, they can jump very high."

On the other side of the coin, I got a surprised and happy burst of laughter when, in the peroration of my speech at the Palace of Culture, I quoted a Bulgarian song I'd known from the 1940s: "*Az sum móma Anglichánka, izmámenna ot lyubóv*"—"I am an English maiden, who's been



"Gee—can I?"

deceived by love"; my point being that, sympathize as we might in this case, there were other less innocent Westerners who had been deceived by Stalin, and merited no such sympathy.

Paul Johnson, after a visit this year, wrote warmly of the friendly and open ways of the Bulgarians—though since he or his editor at the *Spectator* subtitled the piece "Gay Bulgaria," I wrote him a spoof thank-you letter in Bulgarian allegedly from a Sofia homosexual organization, with the note "Have luck for M-R Conquest, speaks Bulgarian, to transpose to English." Bulgarians, incidentally, though their name is the etymological basis for our word "bugger," appear less so inclined than their neighbors to the south, though tolerant enough—the senior

Regent was accepted as one in my days there.

BULGARIANS were long slandered in the West as the one, exceptional, pro-Soviet people in Eastern Europe. There was never anything in this, as one got weary of pointing out. The notion was based on supposed Bulgarian gratitude to Moscow for liberating the country. But first of all, they didn't liberate it—Bulgaria was already at war with Germany, and all German troops had gone, when the Soviets (till then not at war with Bulgaria) came in.

More significant, even after the original Russian liberation of the country in 1876, Bulgaria had within a decade become antipathetic to its liberator. Russia was accused of trying to set up a "Transdanubian Province." Russian military advisors were withdrawn, and the raw Bulgarian army left alone to face a Russian-initiated Serbian invasion—which they defeated at the Battle of Slivnitsa, the venue of Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*.

It is true that Russian literature and culture were and are much valued. So were French literature and culture in Britain through the Napoleonic and other wars.

As to culture in the broadest sense, Bulgarians point out that the Cyrillic alphabet was invented in this area, and that Bulgarian is the more "advanced" language, the nouns being almost wholly devoid of cases—a good point especially for speakers of English. On the other hand the Bulgarian verbal system is more complex than the Russian, with a style of auxiliary verbs also rather like English.

The Bulgarian and Russian languages are close, but not all that close. A linguistically genuine story of the 1940s has a Russian soldier handing a Bulgarian shopkeeper money and saying (in Russian), "Give me bread"; in Bulgarian this means, "Give me your bride." The shopkeeper hands him back his money and says (in Bulgarian), "Put it in your pocket"; in Russian this means "Stuff it up your arse."

In any case, the Communization over 1944–48 was bitterly fought by the anti-fascist democratic opposition.

The Agrarian leader and Vice Premier in the first pro-Allied cabinet, Nikolai Petkov, who had been in concentration camp under the pro-German regimes, was the one opposition leader in all Eastern Europe to be sentenced to death. Petkov, as strong-minded as he was thoroughly decent, is now rightly honored while his persecutors are disgraced.

As to Communist popularity, the only people to have been deceived, and to propagate that deception, were (as usual) cretinous Westerners. I remember the visit to Sofia of the "Red Dean"—Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, author of perhaps the most degraded of all pre-war pro-Soviet books, *The Socialist Sixth of the World*, a best-seller both in Britain and in the United States. Overpower-

ing vanity was his most obvious trait. (He was very annoyed when Ilya described him in a newspaper story as "Dean of Canterbury University": English titles and appointments always confuse foreign writers.)

The contempt in which Westerners like the Dean are held in the Communist countries is of course extreme. Not yet wholly extinct, this sort of mental distortion is, one hopes, moribund. It was one of the minor horrors which the Soviet-bloc nations have survived, to face a long and troubled reconstruction of their economies, politics, ecologies—their very nationhood. Among them the Bulgarians are among the most praiseworthy both internally and on the international stage.

We'll be going back. □

an heroic, high-risk effort. Americans did not go in, only émigrés from the target country. (I know of one exception—Jack Downey, a friend from Yale, went on a black flight over China in 1952 and was captured, spending twenty years in Chinese jails. President Nixon sprang Downey during his famous visit to China in 1972.) Each agent we recruited was highly motivated and (if not a double) dedicated to the liberation of his country.

I was a naval officer posted to the CIA and assigned for two years to the security of these operations in Bulgaria and Albania. Now, after the end of Communism, I am relieved of the need for secrecy.

For those who are put off by the fact that this activity was illegal, please consider: a) In June 1950 Communist North Korea massively invaded South Korea, almost destroying the U.S. Army there (total casualties of both sides were over two million). b) After the Communist attack against Korea much of Western Europe was demoralized and convinced that the Soviets would attack. Leaders like Winston Churchill were openly depressed about the West's inability to resist, and a quasi-war footing prevailed in NATO. Moreover, the reports of bloody oppression by the Bulgarian and Albanian governments created a desire to fight back. c) Yugoslavia, a crucial element in the defense of Western Europe after Tito broke with Stalin in 1948, was faced on four sides by hostile Communist forces which in 1950–51 mobilized 35 divisions with significant firepower. Within thirty days the satellite forces could have been almost one million. A top-secret 1951 National Intelligence Estimate drily concluded that a Soviet-sponsored attack on Yugoslavia "should be considered a serious possibility." (National Intelligence Estimate No. 29, March 20, 1951, declassified July 16, 1993.) Pre-emptive destabilizing action against Bulgaria, Albania, Rumania, and Hungary in the defense of Yugoslavia and Western Europe was unanimously accepted within the Truman Administration.

It should be recalled that while Bulgaria had sided in part with Germany in World War II, and only declared war on Germany on September 9, 1944, it had maintained diplomatic ties with the Soviet Union; when the

Back to Bulgaria

HOT SPOTS IN THE COLD WAR

Along the borders of the Iron Curtain,
the Cold War was fought bitterly—and in secret.

EVAN G. GALBRAITH

THE TIME is the early 1950s, the place a CIA base of operations in the Balkans. The wireless telegraph (W/T) from the Albanian mountains came in on schedule with the correct recognition signal. The response was immediate, automatically triggering the transmission of supply drop zone (DZ) instructions. A review of the recorded W/T revealed, however, that the operator's "signature" was missing. The DZ instructions were sent designating an area where an agent already in place later confirmed the presence of Sigurimi (Albanian Security Service). All 18 of our captured agents were tortured, telling what they knew, and then shot, for not telling what they did not know.

I was assigned the post-mortem review of this OPERATION GRAPE, going over each detail a hundred times, but

we never succeeded in spotting the leak. Years later it was determined that Kim Philby, the infamous British defector, had been the mole. Someone had violated the cardinal rule of intelligence—the need to know. We had used our British liaison for Albanian information, and Philby became aware of operational details he did not need to know. There was also blood from other operations on Philby's hands, but he evaded all attempts at revenge and died an old man in Moscow.

GRAPE was one of the hundreds of cross-border operations, by land, air, and sea, launched by the CIA into Eastern Europe in the 1950s. Most were successful, some were not. It was

Mr. Galbraith, who was U.S. Ambassador to France from 1981 to 1985, is Director of Morgan Stanley International.

Soviets declared war on Bulgaria on September 5, 1944, they did so to justify the invasion of Bulgaria by the Red Army. Supported by the Red Army, the Bulgarian Communists a few days later staged a coup, obtaining de facto control of the government. That month General Donovan of OSS fame sent in a small team (one member of which was later my boss) to shore up the non-Communists in Bulgaria via the Allied Control Commission, but the Stalin-Churchill accord of October 1944 ceded the USSR hegemony over Bulgaria, and the Communists quickly consolidated their control. Indeed, Russia and Bulgaria had much in common, and initially many Bulgarians accepted the status of a satellite to Russia—until the Communists starting applying terror, as prescribed by Lenin. The United States established diplomatic relations with Bulgaria in 1947, but these were abruptly broken in 1950 when the Communist government kicked out an American diplomat for espionage.

Albania had also been Communist since 1944 and continued to side with the USSR after the Yugoslav-Soviet split. The Soviets set up an important submarine base in Albania, which gave them direct access to the Mediterranean. The U.S. and Britain broke diplomatic relations with Albania in 1946.

The first cross-border operation into Bulgaria took place in 1948, and others followed during the next two years, with military information (OB) as the principal objective. Typically, teams of three to six armed agents crossed remote areas of the frontier and returned, if successful, after about ten days. In one case, three agents from a team were killed in a firefight with the DS (Bulgarian State Security), and the surviving agent had to spend two months living in a shallow cave before he made his way back over the frontier. His debrief read like a spy novel.

In 1950 the CIA's Office of Policy Coordination, a euphemism for covert action, put forward an aggressive program to build a powerful resistance movement behind the Iron Curtain, and the Bulgarian Country Plan for 1950 included the possibility of overthrowing the Bulgarian government. This was tempered a bit after an internal review led by Kermit Roosevelt, but the idea of having a strong resistance force in place in the event of a

satellite attack on Yugoslavia or a Soviet attack on West Germany remained. There was no difference on this point between the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations, and when Allen Dulles moved up in 1953 to become Eisenhower's Director of Central Intelligence, his team on the clandestine side of CIA remained unchanged. These were all experienced, dedicated professionals—Frank Wisner, Richard Helms, Franklin Lindsay, Thomas Karamasinis, Tracy Barnes, and hundreds of other unsung case officers and specialists.

CIA officers rarely were armed; the host countries did not approve. There were no 007s. For some reason a contract officer (not a CIA employee) whom I was assisting in Germany once was armed, and he left his pistol (a Beretta, which I had fired in training) with me when it became inadvisable for him to carry it. We had flown back to Germany with a high-level Bulgarian defector (who later re-defected) and were using him in our sweep of Bulgarian agents in Germany—which was crawling with spies in the early 1950s. Our defector was a schizophrenic, and when alone with him in our apartment in Frankfurt, I was quite happy to have my colleague's weapon. (I used to pile beer cans emptied by the defector behind my door at night to wake me if he sneaked in.)

The cross-border operations in Bulgaria continued until 1958. They numbered perhaps, and I am guessing, between 150 and 200. The 1950 objective of overthrowing the Bulgarian government was obviously never met, nor was the resistance force ever significant enough to have effectively sabotaged an offensive strike by Bulgaria or the Soviets, but they served another useful purpose—deterring an attack on Yugoslavia.

Albania was something else. Dictator Enver Hoxha coveted a chunk of Yugoslavia. (He bitterly resented the less bellicose attitude the Soviets slowly adopted after the death of Stalin in 1953, and he later broke with the Soviets.) Because of Albania's hostility toward Yugoslavia and the West, because of the Soviet naval base there, and because Albania was small and in many ways vulnerable, U.S. policymakers seriously considered mounting a coup against Hoxha. There were numerous groups of Albanian émigrés,

associated with various causes, who were itching to start a revolution.

CIA incursions into Bulgaria and Albania drove the Communists crazy. Our planes flew in low under the radar in World War II B-25 and B-26 bombers. The pilots were usually Polish RAF veterans, and their daredevil acts gave the Communists an exaggerated feeling of vulnerability. In one case, for example, a Polish pilot flew his B-26 down the main street of Bucharest, under the trolley wires. The Communists were seriously stung by these invasions and by the furious firefights, the ambushes, and the acts of revenge. Also we had leaflet drops from planes and balloons. Sometimes these leaflet missions were a diversion for an agent air drop elsewhere; sometimes they were straightforward propaganda. It is estimated that 21 million leaflets were sent into Bulgaria between 1950 and 1960. What good did they do? If nothing else, it showed we could do it, and the Communists publicly and privately squealed like pigs.

The men who went in, hundreds of them, are genuine heroes of the Cold War, men who knowingly faced death under gruesome conditions in order to liberate their countries. Their names should be revealed and they should be honored as courageous patriots, especially those who died, like the 18 agents in OPERATION GRAPE. The world should also know of the exemplary work done by the career officials of the CIA. I was just another military person temporarily assigned to them, but I can attest to an extraordinary job by seasoned, motivated professionals who neither sought nor received recognition. If they did save Yugoslavia in the 1950s, as I believe they probably did, that achievement is not diminished by today's dismemberment of that country. Nor can we conclude over the ashes that the Soviet Union was never a threat. And yet, the revisionists are at work—the bloody Korean War is already down the memory hole, President Clinton describes the war in Vietnam as a civil war, Ronald Reagan is accused of unnecessary military spending, etc., etc.

Please believe an old Cold Warrior, things were different then. The Cold War was often hot and could have been hotter. The sacrifices were necessary. □



THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

January 3, 1994

Dear Rusty,

Happy 1994, Rust! How long's it been since we spent New Year's together? Three years? Although, if I remember correctly, the last time I was in the Rain Forest, we didn't actually spend New Year's together. I drew the short straw and stayed behind at the lab while the rest of you went into town for the celebration. I've got to admit I was lonely, but when the camp was surrounded by that Yanonami tribe from upriver, well, I had more than my fill of company. Before you left, you told me to relax, because "most of the tribes in this area have reduced the number of cannibalistic incidents," and by gosh, you were right! I didn't tell you this at the time but when I flashed my Senate ID badge, the leader of the tribe snatched it away. So when I got home, I had to tell the sergeant-at-arms that if he sees a guy all painted up and wearing a loincloth in the Members Only elevator claiming to be me, well, he's not.

Well, I feel a lot like I did back then: alone, and surrounded by hostile natives. In the last few weeks, the press has been merciless. Not to me, of course. But Bill and HRC have taken it on the chin. There's the girlfriend thing, which I feel uncomfortable talking about for two reasons: one, because the minute the campaign ended, hey, so should the obsession with character; and two, because it forces Bill to stop reinventing government and providing health care to all Americans, and instead to waste precious time convincing HRC to go on TV to defend him.

The second thing—I call them "things," but Tipper calls them "potentially ruinous Nixonian scandals"—is this S&L business. Apparently, Bill and HRC had a friend who lent them a lot of money, and who later went broke. Or something. And then Vince Foster was supposed to have a file with incriminating evidence that nobody would let anyone at Justice read because it was irrelevant. Originally, they said Foster killed himself because he was despondent about the mistakes of the first few months of Bill's and my Administration. Now, apparently, he killed himself because of that file which they had to smuggle out of his office because there's nothing in it.

The whole thing makes my head spin. So I called my dad. "Son," he said, "never trust a man who gets rich in government."

"But dad," I said, "you got rich in government."

"Not so, my boy, I got rich in the Senate. There's a difference. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get my morning suit altered. I have a feeling that I'm going to be wearing it soon."

What miffs me, Rusty, is that these things seem to

happen when I'm out of town. Before the holidays, Tip and I flew to Russia. One mistake Bush made was in waiting too long to embrace the new leader—at the time, Yeltsin—and clinging too long to the old—at the time, Gorbachev. Now, there's a new prime minister—Zhirinovskiy—and the Clinton-Gore Administration was not going to be caught embracing him late.

Well, it turns out that the guy is a Nazi, so we ended up spending a lot of time in museums and talking about the environment. But then he made some irresponsible, belligerent comments, and so I felt it was my duty to issue a few warnings. They went over pretty well. We got our point across. "We intend," I said, "to take a firm line." There was a long pause.

"Like you have in Somalia?" he asked.

"Exactly," I said.

"And Bosnia?"

"Exactly."

"And Haiti?"

"Exactly."

"Well," he said, "I think we understand each other."

"I think we do," I said, in a chilly voice. And with that international crisis abated, Tip and I flew home.

We had been home only a few days when the "things" hit the papers. Then Bill and HRC decided to release the irrelevant information in Vince Foster's file. I was trying to get ready for bed and Tip kept reading bits to me, and then she said, "Put on your morning suit for a sec—maybe it needs to be altered," and I just couldn't take it any more, so I headed for the office. If I can't sleep, I might as well work.

When I got to the office my door was shut, but there was a light visible in the crack. I could hear low murmurings and whispers. I went in and saw Bill at my desk, on the phone. The minute he saw me, he said, "Gotta go!" and hung up. "You don't mind me using your phone, do you, Al?" he asked.

"Not at all," I said. There was an awkward pause.

"Can you give me a lift?" asked Bill. "I have an . . . appointment."

"Sure," I said, warily. "Where are you going?"

"The Four Seasons in Georgetown. Oh, and you don't mind if I lie down on the back seat and stretch a blanket over me on the way out, do you?"

You know what, Rusty? I minded. I really minded. Maybe I will get that morning suit altered.

Take care, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Displeasure of His Company

HADLEY ARKES

IN A NOVEL of the late 1960s, Saul Bellow evidently thought he could amplify his main character, Arthur Sammler, a writer and intellectual, by giving Sammler a personal connection to the late English writer and man-about-the-world Herbert George (H. G.) Wells. And so Sammler would be moved to recall what Wells had related to him about his conversations with Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler, and his observations on "world peace, atomic energy, . . . [and] the colonization of the planets." Of Wells, Sammler would remark that "he was just a mass of intelligent views. He expressed as many as he could, and at all times. . . . He was like Voltaire, a graphomaniac."

Bellow could make use of Wells in this way, as a literary device, only if he could count on the fact that, about 25 years after his death, Wells retained a certain plausibility as a world-class intellect—or at least a

reputation achieved by a man whose academic preparation was, to put it gently, thin; whose learning was meager; and whose philosophic under-

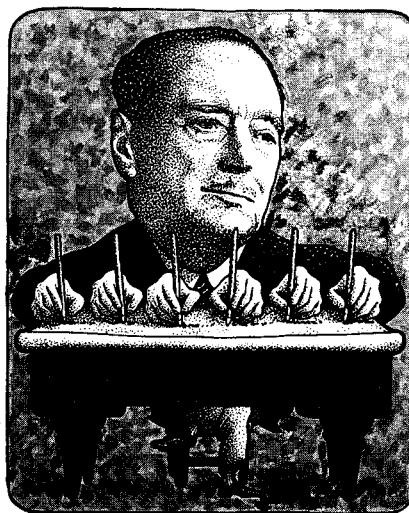
The Invisible Man: The Life and Liberties of H. G. Wells, by Michael Coren (Atheneum, 226 pp., \$22.50)

writer with a "presence," with a certain claim to speak with authority on the modern world. When Wells published his famous *Outline of History* in 1920, the Turkish leader Kemal Ataturk sought to read the book through in one sitting, without interruptions. He closed himself off from visitors and kept himself awake for over forty hours with black coffee and hot baths. Given that kind of interest, the book sped round the world.

With this coup in publishing, Wells's voice carried as never before. From that point forward, he could command audiences with the pre-eminent figures of the world. Stalin and Roosevelt were pleased to make room in their schedules for prolonged interviews with him.

But it is Michael Coren's achievement to extract from this stunning record the puzzle that truly needs to be explained: How was this exalted

Mr. Arkes is the Edward Ney Professor of Jurisprudence and American Institutions at Amherst College, and an NR contributing editor.



D. F. Bach

standing—as Mr. Coren makes clear—was indescribably shallow? In appearance, Wells was, as they say, unprepossessing. His voice was squeaky, his dress and manner plebeian. And yet he commanded a vast audience, and his effect on women was devastating. He married young, and abandoned his first wife early, in favor of the younger Amy Catherine Robbins, who would become known as Jane. Jane would stay with him, bear him two children, and preserve his household, while Wells moved, with his characteristic intensity, through a long series of liaisons. For a while, he would even live

in a separate establishment with Rebecca West, who bore him an illegitimate child. He moved through these affairs with a cruelty touched on occasion with sweetness, and with a rapacity that was always meant to be excused by his greatness, or by his very mission in living. For he took as his mission to describe, in the conduct of his life, a morality that would not be cabined by the conventions and superstitions of the past.

One of the worst words in Wells's vocabulary was "uncoordinated," and private sexual acts were conspicuously "uncoordinated." But even these acts of private passion could have a larger meaning imparted to them if they were brought under the regulation of a government animated by a "plan." A government that could bring to the economy a sense of collective purpose could bring to private acts of sexuality the design of a purpose formed by science. When this sense of planning was brought to the economy it was called socialism, and when it was brought to the production of children it was called eugenics. In one of his utopian novels, *Anticipations* (1901), Wells wrote:

For a multitude of contemptible and silly creatures, . . . inefficient, born of unrestrained lusts, and increasing and multiplying through sheer incontinence and stupidity, the men of the New Republic will have little pity and less benevolence.

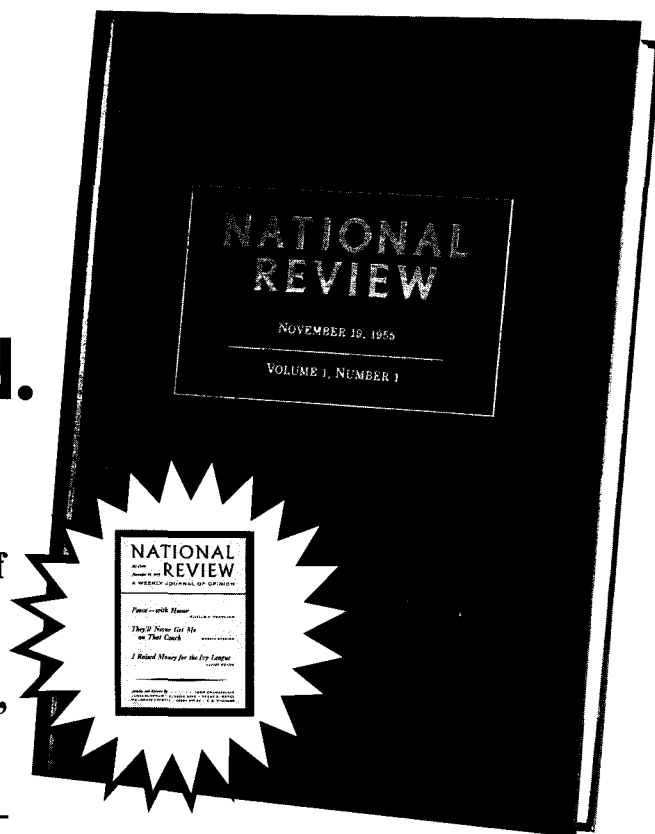
These excursions into "futurism" were all given their thread of plausibility by "science." The young Wells had hoped to embark on an academic career in the sciences, and he managed to place himself, at the age of 18, at the Normal School of Science in London. There, he actually had a course with the redoubtable Thomas Henry Huxley, whose name would always be linked with that of Darwin. Wells was mesmerized by the aging Huxley, well steeped now in his own authority. The experience seemed to confirm Wells in his devotion to Darwinism and scientism, not merely as a subject but as a new species of religion. But Wells's enthusiasm soon began to ebb; he was simply too restless to linger very long with any particular subject. He was drawn more and more to literary matters, and from there to the circles debating socialism.

Eventually, he would drift into the company of the Fabians, and in social-

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ism he would find that merger of science and politics that would reveal his true touch. He had, that is, enough of a smattering of science to sound plausible when he turned to political subjects; and when he wrote for a larger audience, he would not have to be exactly strenuous in his rendering of science. He had mainly to be interesting, to spin out lively stories, and the vehicle that conveyed his talents was science fiction. An editor with an eye for raw talent arranged a contract, and the result, published when Wells was only 28, was *The Time Machine*, set in 802,701 A.D. The stories then began to flow in an astonishing torrent.

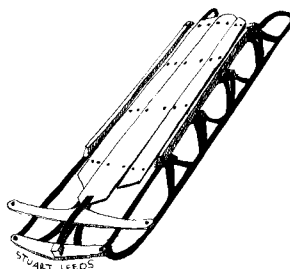
The writer Jerome K. Jerome tried to catch the sensation of Wells's company:

He writes a new book while most people are reading his last; throws off a history of the world while the average schoolboy is learning his dates; and invents a new religion in less time than it must have taken his godparents to teach him his prayers. He has a table by his bedside; and if the spirit moves him will get up in the middle of the night, make himself a cup of coffee, write a chapter or so, and then go to sleep again. During intervals between his more serious work, he will contest a Parliamentary election or conduct a conference on educational reform.

And yet, what wisdom did this outpouring of energy finally produce? Wells's comprehensive teaching could be reduced compactly to these themes: Science would create means of transportation ever faster, along with speedier and more destructive weaponry. The destructive urges of human beings could be overcome in the end only by a World State. But that State must be a collectivist enterprise, which overcomes the selfishness of men with a collective purpose, and which displaces those unruly, uncoordinated acts of men with the efficiency and justice of a comprehensive Plan. The old morality would have to be swept aside, along with those primitive notions of religion in which it was ultimately anchored. "At his best," said Wells, "my deity was far less like the Heavenly Father of a devout Catholic or a devout Moslem or Jew than he was like a personification of, let us say, the Five Year Plan."

His novels became tracts, exemplifying these themes in the lives of his characters. Even his histories were shaped with the same tendentious

hand, revealing the same "trends," struck from the imagination of Wells. And so the progress of history, from paintings on the walls of caves to the First World War, showed the futility of war and the movement toward the World State. As Wells carried these trends through the centuries, there would be of course a certain filtering—a loss of the other motives that propelled human beings, and many of those transcendent, religious ques-



tions that they persisted in taking seriously. Just how far the screening went may be seen in this passage from the *Outline of History*:

At first Athens was in the ascendant, then Sparta. Then arose Thebes, a city not fifty miles from Athens, to overshadow Sparta. Once more Athens flared into importance as the head of a confederation. It is a story of narrow rivalries and inexplicable hatreds that would have vanished long ago out of the memories of men, were it not that it is recorded and reflected in a great literature.

This rendition brings to mind the Woody Allen line about the man who took a speed-reading course and read *War and Peace* in twenty minutes. He was able to recall, with precision, that the book "was about Russia."

During the Second World War, Wells came to the insight that the Catholic Church was connected critically to the fascist regimes in Italy and Germany. At the same time, his anti-Semitism did not lose any of its sharpness, even with the advent of the Nazis. From Jan Karski he heard in 1942 the first eyewitness account of an extermination camp, and his only reply was that "there is room for very serious research into the question why anti-Semitism emerges in every country Jews reside in." There were even dark intimations that Jews would supply some of the targets for the regime of eugenics that Wells had in mind, the regime that would remove some of the "more vulgar aspects" of modern

life as it improved the race more broadly. Mr. Coren reminds us that Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* was written as a satirical rebuttal of Wells. Huxley placed his future state in the seventh century A.F. (After Ford), with children raised in incubators to fulfill a rational plan, and erotic gratification supplied by the government. The novel was, says Mr. Coren, a plea for personal freedom against the "Wellsian idea of the future state."

There were writers, then, at the time who saw through Wells, and saw deeply: they saw his shallowness and the depravity contained in his teaching. "Poor, squeaky H. G. Wells," wrote Malcolm Muggeridge. "Belatedly, he understood that what he had followed as a life force was, in point of fact, a death wish, in which he was glad to sink the little that remained of his own life in the confident expectation of total and final obliteration." But then we must restate the puzzle: Why were so many estimable people, so many accomplished writers and public figures, drawn to him? And why did he command such a large audience? The answer may be deceptively simple: with all his faults he still was—and his severest critics could not gainsay it—an engaging writer. When his powers were turned to description, to the task of seeing through other people, they could have a precision and penetration that are rarely matched. It is hard to imagine, for example, anyone doing better than Wells in his scathing portrait of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, cast as Oscar and Altiora Bailey, in *The New Machiavelli*:

[Altiora's] soul was bony, and at the base of her was a vanity gaunt and greedy! . . . P.B.P., she boasted, was engraved inside their wedding rings, Pro Bono Publico, and she meant it to be no idle threat. She had discovered very early that the last thing influential people will do is to work. Everything in their lives tends to make them dependent upon a supply of confidently administered detail. Their business is with the window and not the stock behind . . .

. . . If they had the universe in hand I know they would take down all the trees and put up stamped tin green shades and sunlight accumulators. Altiora thought trees hopelessly irregular and seacliffs a great mistake.

Behind this prose there was, evidently, no ordinary mind.

But it was T. S. Eliot who probably saw most clearly the key that explained the course of Wells's life, and he managed to glimpse, as well, the defect that ran deepest in that life's work:

Mr. Wells started as a popular entertainer, and his advantages of education gave him the opportunity to exploit "popular science" for a generation all ready to suspend disbelief in favor of this form of romance. . . . Through being a popular entertainer, he found an opening as a prophet. . . . For the ambitious youth of literary gifts and humble origins the first thing . . . was to make a living by giving the public its entertainment; when one had got sufficiently established, then one might be free, either to devote oneself to a work of literary art, or to preach openly to a public which is docile and respectful to success.

In other words, Wells drew the eye of the public as an interesting writer, whose works were accessible and entertaining. And having drawn that interest, he found the public ready to read him on any subject, because he was still so damnably accessible. Besides, as a notable success, he now engaged the willingness of the public to pay serious attention to his views, even on matters that were manifestly beyond his competence. In that estimate by Eliot, we must suspect that there is an enduring lesson for our own time. But beyond this reading of Wells's success, Eliot saw also the depth of his failure. The world purged of its religious meaning—or of people who took as profoundly serious the question of God's purpose—was a flattened world. Wells could not see, in the record of our species, the signs of redemption or consolation; and when he was impressed then with the record of destructiveness, or with the ever-receding prospects of his socialist fables, there could be no limit to his sense of the utter depth of the failure.

Mr. Coren professes to have begun his work on Wells with a certain affection for his subject, and a firm respect for Wells as a writer. That affection and respect eroded as he matured his judgments. He now charges Wells with helping to create "an intellectual climate [that] . . . though not leading directly to the social engineering horrors of Hitler and Stalin . . . certainly gave credibility to the atrocities of the dictators. . . . [Wells] injected permis-

sibility into political eugenics, varnished murderous ideas with respect and reputation." His friends thought him rollicking good company, and a

genius besides. But as Michael Coren makes clear, he was a thoroughly bad man, and altogether a nasty piece of work. □

Seaworthy

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

PATRICK O'BRIAN is a 79-year-old Irishman who has lived in the south of France for four decades. In addition to translating all of Simone de Beauvoir, a bit of Colette, and Jean Lacouture's recent biogra-

The Wine-Dark Sea, by Patrick O'Brian (Norton, 272 pp., \$22)

phy of de Gaulle, he has written well-received biographies of Picasso and Joseph Banks, and many other novels. In 1969 he began publishing a series of sea stories set in the Napoleonic period. The series relates the adventures of a British sea captain, Jack Aubrey,

Mr. Abrams is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute.

and his friend Stephen Maturin, ship's surgeon and British intelligence agent. Five of these tales were published in the United States in the early 1970s, but poor sales led the publisher to drop them, and for over a decade Mr. O'Brian's books were almost unavailable in this country.

And then—Boom! In the last three years Patrick O'Brian has become a phenomenon, racking up ecstatic reviews, sales in the hundreds of thousands, and celebrity status. His book-signings are mobbed, and when he was invited to read from his works at the National Archives an overflow crowd filled two auditoriums.

The O'Brian craze started in 1991. The last bad old review came in the *New York Times* in 1990, when its

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mystery/thriller reviewer, Newgate Callendar, referred to Mr. O'Brian's "long-winded, even turgid prose." It has been smooth sailing since then, however, and a front-page piece in the *Times Book Review* in January 1991 called Mr. O'Brian's books "the best historical novels ever written." It would perhaps be unkind to suggest that the *Times* reviewer was unfamiliar with *War and Peace*, but that is the league into which some reviewers are throwing Mr. O'Brian. How anyone can think these stories to be fiction of the very first rank remains inexplicable.

Taken on their own terms, however, they are marvelous novels. Their most singular quality is the extraordinary, meticulous detail about life on a ship. Mr. O'Brian reports on the diseases and accidents by which men were plagued. Limbs are amputated liberally. Evenings with the ladies in port are duly followed by venereal disease. Lack of fresh water means that clothes must be cleaned in sea water, and undergarments chafe like sandpaper. The lack of privacy is oppressive. Then there are the ships themselves. The setting of sails for various weather patterns is described with absolute accuracy, and to a degree of detail that some readers may find tedious. For the uninitiated, each volume includes a diagram of a ship of the line showing everything from main topgallant to mizzen staysail.

All the stories are about the same two characters. Aubrey is a bluff seaman, while Maturin is an intellectual—a physician and naturalist. (Indeed, the books also show a brilliant eye for the flora and fauna of captivating locales.) Mr. O'Brian portrays something of the inner life of each man, and this is an achievement in the case of the less introspective Aubrey. They reflect on life and love, loneliness and courage, religion and politics. In this 16th novel in the series, both have begun to age. While being led through the Andes, Maturin reflects that whenever his guide "found that he had drawn more than a few yards ahead he paused to cough or blow his nose; and this was the first time Stephen had ever known consid-

eration for his age to cause a young man to check his pace." (It is worth noting that to clear his mind and help his body, Maturin emulates the natives in chewing a ball of coca leaves.) And of Aubrey, steering his ship through frigid waters from the crow's nest, we learn that "several times the high-perched Jack Aubrey trembled . . . —literally trembled with ex-



treme cold, weariness, and the grave tension of guiding his ship through this potentially mortal maze: he was no longer a young man."

There are few other key figures, though some very deft portraits appear in each volume: usually, crew members drawn briefly

but with enormous skill. Like most sea stories, these are tales of men's lives, and women appear only very occasionally. In *The Wine-Dark Sea*, they are nearly absent. Aubrey and Maturin share the stage, but in these stories the focus is on what they *do*, not what they think.

These are not psychological studies, and it is not the examination of character that makes them popular. Nor is it some trendy reading of today's politics into the early nineteenth century. Indeed, such politics as is put into Aubrey's and Maturin's mouths is deeply conservative. When we encounter a French revolutionary called Monsieur Dutourd, Aubrey comments: "I disliked him from the start—disliked everything I heard of him. Enthusiasm, democracy, universal benevolence—a pretty state of affairs."

Lest this be thought Mr. O'Brian's caricature of conservative sentiments, Maturin later reflects on Rousseau and the French Revolution: "The confident system of his youth—universal reform, universal changes, universal happiness and freedom—had ended in something very like universal tyranny and oppression. The ancient generations were not to be despised; and the seaman's firm belief that Friday was unlucky was perhaps less foolish than the philosophe's conviction that all the days of the week could be rendered happy by the application of an enlightened system of laws." Not only the characters' views but Mr. O'Brian's own reject the enthusiasms of the day.

Mr. O'Brian has said of himself and his writing, "Obviously I have lived very much out of the world: I know little of present-day Dublin or London or Paris, even less of post-modernity, post-structuralism, hard rock or rap, and I cannot write with much conviction about the contemporary scene."

What Mr. O'Brian can write is adventure stories. Consider the plot line of *The Wine-Dark Sea*. No mystery here, for the very first page of the novel tells us that the ship *Surprise*, commanded by Jack Aubrey, "had set out on her voyage with the purpose of carrying her surgeon, Stephen Maturin, to South America, there to enter into contact with those leading inhabitants who wished to make Chile and Peru independent of Spain; for Maturin, as well as being a doctor of medicine, was an intelligence agent." From this plot line follow dangerous schemes and narrow escapes, sea chases and battles, a trek across the Andes, a ship hit by lightning and nearly destroyed.

It is all reminiscent of C. S. Forester's Horatio Hornblower series, which similarly is set during the Napoleonic wars and presents a series of adventure tales tracing the career of a British sea captain. There are important differences, though: while we first meet Aubrey and Maturin as fully formed adults, we meet Hornblower as a sea-sick young midshipman aged 17 and follow him through a Nelson-like career. We find Aubrey and Maturin engaging, but we come to love Hornblower. The heart of O'Brian's books is plot; the heart of Forester's is Hornblower.

And here indeed may be the key to understanding the immense popularity of Mr. O'Brian's series: its lack of romance. For if the Hornblower series, begun in the 1940s, is quintessentially romantic, the Aubrey/Maturin books are emotionally sparse. They are adventure stories for the reader who wishes to believe he is perusing something a bit more modern and up-market. This may explain the constant emphasis, in reviews and articles about O'Brian, on the incredible detail about sailing, as if it were a necessary excuse for reading an otherwise indefensible genre.

But no excuse is needed, either for the genre or for this series of stories about the adventures of a sea captain and a spy. If this series is not as en-

gaging as Forester's, the production of these 16 highly readable and entertaining tales is still an achievement worth celebrating. Why not start at the beginning, with the paperback of

Master and Commander, and see if it impels you forward? It very well may. If not, then avoid guilt, forget about maintopmast staysails, and go back to *Mr. Midshipman Hornblower*. □

Waco, New York

RICHARD BROOKHISER

FROM 1848 to 1880, the Oneida Community practiced the principles of what it called Bible Communism in upstate New York. The Biblical Communists supported themselves by making box traps, flatware, and a host of other useful items. Men and women alike wore pants, though it was what they did with their pants off that piqued the curiosity of

Without Sin, by Spencer Klaw (Allen Lane Press, 337 pp., \$25)

their century and ours. Spencer Klaw, drawing on a mass of diaries, letters, and records—some made public for the first time—presents all the sexual strangeness, as well as aspects of the community that were even more strange.

The Oneida Community was the inspiration of John Humphrey Noyes, who was born in Vermont in 1811. As a bright young man, Noyes planned to be a lawyer, until a religious revival propelled him into Yale Divinity School and the ministry. Assailed by doubts and anxieties that reached a pitch of seeming madness, he at last found solace in believing not only that he was saved, but that he could be sinless. Under the old covenant, Noyes explained, God said, "Do according to all I command you." Under the new, He says, "Do as you please; for I promise that your pleasure shall be mine." When these conclusions displeased his colleagues, Noyes set up shop in his home state, producing a newsletter called *The Perfectionist* and drawing disciples to him.

It was in Vermont that Noyes discovered one of the directions that his pleasure and God's might take. One May night in 1846, he went for a walk with Mary Cragin, a fellow Perfection-

ist (both of them were married, to other people). "All circumstances invited advance in freedom," Noyes later wrote, "and yielding to the impulse upon me I took some personal liberties. But at this point came serious thoughts. I said to myself, *I will not steal!*" Noyes felt a signal from God to consult with the spouses. Mrs. Noyes gave her blessing to the proposed advance, and Mr. Cragin, though he balked at first, soon came around. "The upshot of the conference was that we gave each other full liberty all around, and so entered into complex marriage in the quartette form." Two years later, having declared that "*The Kingdom of God Has Come*," Noyes and his followers moved to New York.

When the Oneida Community gets mentioned in high-school history courses, it is always as a fringe of a mid-century movement of generic reformers—abolitionists, proto-feminists, and whatnot—who are themselves presented in a secular light. But Noyes's community, like many of the more "normal" reform movements, was a religious enterprise, indeed a millenarian one. Noyes believed he could cure the sick, and could communicate with Jesus, St. Paul, and the members of the primitive church. In the early days, at least, he expected that he and his followers would be brought to Heaven without having to die first. Theology baptized his libido. "Religious love is a very near neighbor to sexual love," Noyes once told a reporter. "The next thing a man wants, after he has found the salvation of his soul, is to find his Eve and his Paradise." To give the religious character of the Oneida Community its due, Mr. Klaw must swim against a current of secularist preconception.

Property was abolished along with monogamy in Noyes's kingdom of God, though ironically commerce helped keep him out of the clutches of the

law: since the Oneidans were good craftsmen and honest dealers, they could always count on the support of their unregenerate neighbors. The third thing to go under the new covenant was any sort of freedom. Though the community, like many a modern commune, had regular open meetings, complete with public self-criticism, Noyes accorded himself prophetic status and ran the group with a firm, if discreet, hand. One of his tools was sex. Noyes distinguished "complex marriage" from free love. Relationships among his disciples had to be arranged by go-betweens, and since the go-betweens were Noyes's cronies, he was able to control who slept with whom. The principle of "ascending fellowship" allowed Noyes to steer younger, more comely members of the community into older ones' beds, especially his own.

Soft-pedaling the dictatorial basis of the Oneida Community is another characteristically modern misconception, to which Mr. Klaw partly succumbs. When we find anything congenial to the zeitgeist of today in grouplets of the past, we politely overlook their weirdness. Communism, pre-Marx, elicits this sort of fuzzy approval; so, up to a point, does Oneida's sex life. Oneida, Mr. Klaw concludes, "offered its members an alternative way of living that most found deeply satisfying." This is a mild judgment on an old goat who seduced numbers of just-post-pubescent girls, including two of his own nieces.

Noyes's power weakened as he aged; it's hard to enjoy sleeping with a 68-year-old man, even if he talks to St. Paul. Younger men in the community wanted free love without his meddling, while young women demanded

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Mr. Brookhiser is an NR senior editor, a columnist for the New York Observer, and author of The Way of the WASP.

monogamy, for the sake of their children. In 1879 Noyes washed his hands of the controversy and moved to Canada. The Community became a silverware company.

America still produces freaks, and still misjudges them. The fiery end of the siege of Waco seems to have been hastened, in part, because the FBI did not take the religious pretensions of the Branch Davidians seriously. When

David Koresh said he was working on an interpretation of the Seven Seals, one agent reportedly thought he was talking about sea creatures. Messiahs with better protective coloration can prosper, for a time: because Jim Jones appeared to be a social-working multiculturalist, he collected form letters of approval from the likes of Rosalyn Carter, until he served the final Kool-Aid. □

ART

Worshipping at the Church of Art

JAMES GARDNER

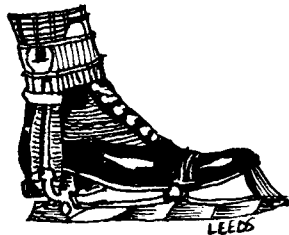
A RECENT segment of *60 Minutes*, in which Morley Safer went to SoHo to vent his disgust at fashionable artists, dealers, and critics, has had the entire art world in an uproar. The encounter was a little like that famous cult classic *Bambi Meets Godzilla*, a one-minute cartoon in which we see the gentle woodland creature disporting himself in his natural habitat and then a massive reptilian foot descending out of nowhere to squash the luckless creature utterly.

Now no one relishes the thought of having the heavy hitters of *60 Minutes* going after him, but inhabitants of the art world have become so docile, like domestic pets, that they were quite unprepared for the virulence of the assault. In no time at all, whining letters were being sent to the editors of the dailies, Charlie Rose devoted a whole hour to the conflict, and in a lengthy article the head critic of the *New York Times*, Michael Kimmelman, fawningly, and to no one's surprise, sided with the art world.

There were surely grounds for complaint. Mr. Safer likes paintings of bowls of fruit that look like bowls of fruit. But even if his report lacked finesse, it brought to an issue the swollen self-importance of so much of contemporary art and, perhaps of greater interest, the almost religious awe in which many hold it.

This essay is excerpted from Mr. Gardner's book, Culture or Trash?, published this month by Birch Lane.

For, as never before in Western culture, visual art and its artists have come to generate an intensity of interest that other provinces of the imagination rarely command. Today the artist is glamorized in films, plays, and novels. He is profiled in *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Bazaar*, in *New York* and *Vogue* and *Mirabella*. Hundreds of art periodicals, with no precise equivalent in the fields of music and literature, regularly treat him to prolonged critical adulation. Dozens of publishing companies bring before the public, in sumptuous volumes, the works of even second-tier artists. Meanwhile new art museums open across America every other week; forty million people visit them in a year.



Whereas "music" and "literature" are essentially neutral terms that refer to certain cultural activities and their products, the word "Art" is dense with glamor and lofty purpose. Art is the aroma of four-course meals at Le Cirque and the swank of duplexes along Park Avenue. Art is the crack corps of gallerists in SoHo and rebellious geniuses living in the splendid penury of Alphabet City. In museums, Art is the solace of the middle-class. In private hands, Art is the bulwark of established wealth and the first recourse of new money.

And yet, does it not sometimes seem that we go too far? Consider a case in point. In August 1976, visitors to the Hanson Fuller Gallery in San Francisco were greeted at the door by a young man in a waiter's outfit. Very

politely, he offered them coffee while they looked at the art. What they did not know is that they themselves were part of an artistic act, a performance piece titled *Garçon!* by the conceptual artist Chris Burden. As it turns out, the polite young man in question was none other than this semi-famous artist. Maybe the banality of the exercise was the whole point. Maybe not. More important is the fact that, since the entirely unremarkable cream pitcher employed by Mr. Burden was part of an artistic performance, it had ceased to be a mere utensil: it had been transubstantiated into a "relic," to use Mr. Burden's own word. And as a relic it was labeled and enclosed in glass, and was recently selling on the secondary market for \$24,000.

Compare the case of Mr. Burden's cream pitcher with the Paris auction of a relic said to contain fragments of the very Cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified. Why is it that this relic, whose authenticity was presumably accepted by the bidders, went for \$18,000, far less than what was being asked for a serving utensil that had been touched by Chris Burden?

You could ponder and analyze and dissect the issue for years. But in the end it will all come down to a single word, and that word is Art. Mr. Burden's pitcher is the relic of an act of art. Thus it exists not merely at the bald, material level of a serving utensil, but in the higher, almost supersensible realm of Art History. And for this reason it confounds the calculations of our otherwise too practical world.

Around this and other art objects there has now emerged an enthusiastic mass of followers more reminiscent of popular culture than of the rarefied altitudes of elite taste. Clearly something unprecedented is happening when almost a million people stand in interminable museum lines and pay \$12 to study the chromatic values of Matisse. This is nothing less than mass elitism, a truly democratic miracle. Situated somewhere between those few thousand men and women who actively alter our cultural attitudes, and the beer-guzzling football fans of upper-middle-class mythology, this new mass elite, consisting of perhaps 15 million souls in all, has been primarily responsible in recent years for the explosive growth of the American art scene.

If art is a religion, as is often said,

these people are not, like Chris Burden and Joseph Beuys, the zealots and martyrs of the new faith, but rather its staid parishioners. Their devotion is obedient and respectful, occasionally betraying the Pharisee, but all the same sincere. It is possible of course to exaggerate the cultic nature of art: to make artists into saints and gods, critics and curators into priestly go-betweens. But maybe it is more than coincidence that, according to the figures provided by the Metropolitan Museum in New York, more people go to see art on Sunday than on any other day of the week, during the very hours when their forebears were singing hymns. And in large part these people frequent museums for the same reasons that their forebears went to church: for consolation, guidance, spiritual renewal.

AND YET a paradox presents itself. The reader will pardon my bluntness, I hope, but if it is true that a receptive, open-minded public is essential for art's well-being, why is it that in this, the most open-minded, respectful period in the history of art, the labors of our artists are no better than they are? Since artists are now more thoroughly adulated than at any earlier moment in our culture, you might expect that art would flourish accordingly; that these days would bring forth a richer, more manifold harvest of genius than we have seen before. Consider too Robert Hughes's telling calculation that more people are graduated from American art schools every two years (seventy thousand) than there were citizens in the city of Florence during the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The law of averages seems to demand that we too should have our artistic geniuses, and plenty of them.

Why then does art seem so much less impressive now than in the days when artists were scorned, when they bowed to the power of princes, the wealth of the bourgeoisie, the rod of the Inquisition? I would suggest that the poverty of so much contemporary art is nothing more or less than the price it must pay for the freedom it so conspicuously enjoys.

If my assessment of contemporary art sounds unduly severe, consider that not even its most engaged supporters claim otherwise. More insidiously, they reject notions of quality as

outmoded and elitist; they praise the artist for humor, good intentions, political insight, everything other than artistic excellence. And yet, however loudly some deny it, the more sensitive critics of the younger generation assuredly envy their elders with all their hearts: for the latter had Pollock and Rothko to discover and to call to the world's attention. Younger critics have to exert all their historical imagination to conceive what it must have felt like to encounter art at once revolutionary and great. Who are the artists about whom it is now possible to be energetically enthusiastic? The art that is revolutionary is not very good, and the art that is good is certainly not great.

In part, what we have been witnessing these past twenty years has been a depletion that is periodically visited on a civilization's powers of creativity. Such moments are a little like economic recessions, except that they strike far less frequently, and are far more entrenched when they do. This was true of the last quarter of the fourteenth century, the last quarter of the seventeenth, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth decades of the nineteenth. It may be that our century, having nurtured so many splendid monuments to the imagination, has earned the right to rest.

But whatever turns out to be the final cause of our artistic recession, the immediate cause is nothing other than the pervasive and unchecked reverence in which art is held by critics and public alike. The most striking feature of recent artistic discourse, the quality that sets it apart from all earlier discussions, has been a chronic unwillingness to address the weaknesses inherent in what our artists do.

For example, in a recent Weekend section of the *New York Times*, which probably devotes more space to art than any other non-specialist publication, all ten gallery reviews were favorable, even though the praise tended to be of the tepid, hedging, irresolute variety. It is hard to imagine the book, film, theater, or food critics of the *Times* succumbing to such a degree of chinlessness. Yet this is fairly typical of art criticism in our day. Somehow the critics have got it into their heads that to sit in judgment is not their job.

Such timidity begins to make sense when you consider that critics have

traditionally missed the point about the best art of their generation. Remember the outcry against Courbet, Monet, Van Gogh, Picasso, and Pollock, whom most contemporary critics savaged with remorseless merriment. In a sense, we can distinguish two main types of art critic: Ruskin, the angry reactionary, and Baudelaire, the sensitive, forward-looking friend of art. Because the Baudelaires of the world have been right far more often than the Ruskins, today, with only the rarest exceptions, everyone wants to be Baudelaire. Better that a thousand nonentities should be heralded as the new Picasso, than that the new Picasso should meet with scorn!

This same attitude has spread to the public. Who is to decide what is good art and bad art, they will ask? Isn't it true that Van Gogh sold only one painting in his lifetime? Like the critics, they are absolutely resolved not to be part of the Philistine majority that once claimed that a seven-year-old could paint a Picasso, that mocked Pollock as Jack the Dripper. As a result, the more fervid their interest in art becomes, the less disposed they are to view it with the necessary standard of detachment. And so the free fall of art continues.

In the realm of culture, every era produces certain artifacts that seem imposing as long as they are current, and unconscionably awful the second they cease to be current. Our cultural landscape has always been blighted by these disfigured traces of what were once its proudest and tallest towers. But it takes a strong stomach to consider what future generations will make of what we have loved, all those floating basketballs and burping cathodes and morbidly solemn pro-

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nouncements posing as art. Indeed what will we ourselves think of this art once it has been shorn of its pre-eminent grace, the fact of its newness? Only by reclaiming the right to criticize art, to call the makers to account and insist that they do better, shall we be free of the lugubrious cycle which,

for almost two decades now, has sapped most of the vitality of the visual arts. If revival is inevitable in our lifetime, it can be hastened by our words and our convictions. If it is not inevitable, then it is not just important that we speak up, it is imperative. □

FILM

From the Jaws of Death

JOHN SIMON

THE OLD question of whether the Holocaust can be accosted head on in a work of art receives a resounding affirmative answer in Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List*. The issue was raised most conspicuously apropos of Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy*; the *New York Times Book Review* once concluded in an article that such monstrous horror could be tackled only by indirection, and held up Paul Celan's marvelous poem "Todesfuge" ("Death Fugue") as the proper solution. But it seems to me that Eastern European filmmakers had some noteworthy successes with frontal attacks, and now we have one, too.

The film is based on a documentary novel by the Australian writer Thomas Keneally, whose work also underlies one of my all-time favorite movies, Fred Schepisi's *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*. Keneally heard the true story of Oskar Schindler and the Schindler Jews from the owner of a Los Angeles leather-goods store where the novelist had brought his briefcase for repair; the man was one of those Jews. Schindler was a minor Catholic Sudeten-German businessman who, when Hitler conquered Poland, moved to Krakow to strike it rich. Prospects for clever opportunists were good. Schindler joined the Nazi party, and acquired an enamelware factory confiscated from its Jewish owners, where he could manufacture kitchenware for the German troops.

A womanizer and a bon vivant, Schindler left his wife behind and soon became intimate with a number of young Polish women. He spent most of the money he had on treating German officers he befriended to food, drink,

and women. By bribing young Polish black-marketeers, mostly Jews, he gained access to rare foods and luxury items with which he ingratiated himself to the conquerors. All this led to his factory's getting the precious army contracts, not to mention Jewish slave labor from the inmates of the nearby Plaszow concentration camp. Wanting, for purely materialistic reasons, workers in good shape, he built a special camp for them on factory grounds, where they got better food and were



relatively protected from Nazi harassment. He also found a Jewish accountant, one Itzak Stern, a kind of genius, who helped him get Jewish financing for his enterprise, kept track of whose palm needed greasing in what way, and generally managed Schindler's affairs, Oskar himself being a terrific operator, but with a poor head for business.

Gradually, Schindler began to grasp the humanity of the Jews and the inhumanity of the Nazis. He managed to befriend Amon Goeth, the new and particularly bestial commandant of Plaszow, whose job it was to make the camp even deadlier than before. Schindler dealt deftly with Goeth, and was able, against ever-worsening odds, to save 1,100 Jews from certain death by placing them on his list of essential workers. This involved tricky and daring maneuvers and hair's-

breadth rescues, which you will have to experience for yourself.

What makes the film art? First, its ability to treat catastrophe with complete understatement and an objectivity that, though by no means feelingless, does not parade its feelings. In Steven Zaillian's screenplay, there is no speechifying, moralizing, or commentary of any sort. We are never buttonholed and instructed what to think about anyone or anything. Next, all about the film is unostentatiously but scrupulously authentic. The Polish is Polish, the German is German, the Hebrew, Hebrew. Having been made *in situ*, it used many locations preserved as they were fifty years ago, and rebuilt the rest with acute accuracy. Everything looks, sounds, even smells right. Though all that is of primary importance is spoken in English, a good deal is left in the actual languages, which enhances the atmosphere immeasurably. But, then, the film lives especially in its images, which speak in one tongue for all.

Further, it is, except for the epilogue, shot in black-and-white. Mr. Spielberg has said that our knowledge of concentration camps comes from black-and-white photographs, and he wanted to hold fast to those associations. It works. Although absence of color might now seem as anachronistic as absence of sound, it gives the film a documentary look that it earns the hard way and puts to good use.

Again, Mr. Spielberg understands that with so many important minor characters, the film, to avoid confusing us, needs indelibly individualized faces. And most of them, memorably, are. In other words, the unfamiliar must be made familiar. But to work fully, the film must also make the familiar unfamiliar. We have all heard of individual Nazi soldiers taking instinctive interest in some little Jewish child they were about to consign to the ovens; of officers maintaining intimate contact with art and culture while engaged, willingly or not, in butchery. The way Mr. Spielberg introduces these details, they manage to ring new, true, and terrible. It has to do with underinsistence, the impersonal eye of history looking on unblinking and dispassionate.

And that is what gets you. People here die casually, like dogs, or worse. It is all shown with swift, stark impassivity, with total trust in the spare

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

word and unsparing image. There is no editorializing, which is not even allowed to creep in by the back door, say, in Janusz Kaminski's cinematography or Michael Kahn's editing, and just barely in John Williams's score. (What an Arthur Honegger could have done here!) There is, for instance, a way of making black-and-white camera work take on a manichean perfection: angelic whites, diabolic blacks. Nothing like that here, thanks also to Allan Starski's production design and Anna Sheppard's costumes: each color was held accountable to the whole, and to the way it translated into the right shades of dismal grey.

Impressively, Spielberg's choices do not espouse artlessness in the interest of realism. Instead, there is fairly elaborate crosscutting, to contrast, as it were in parallel, the antithetical fates of the expropriators and the expropriated. There are matching shots that are distinctly artful, but do not feel arty, so compelling is their logic. There are camera angles and placements that are far from obvious, but do not feel *recherché*. They have an understated but discernible aesthetic value, as if to say that certain formal and pictorial niceties obtain even amid the ghastliest circumstances, which, far from lessening their ghastliness, heightens it.

It is also satisfying for the film to advert to color in the epilogue, which takes place in today's Israel, where Schindler, a thorough failure at everything after the war, was buried at his request in 1974, just short of his three-score and ten. The color is kept carefully restrained, almost home-movieish. Seeing the real Schindler Jews placing tokens on their savior's grave might have come out sentimental, but doesn't. The secret is matter-of-factness, and a certain tact. Take the way Schindler's marriage is handled. Both its strength and its weakness are in the film, conveyed with an economy as admirable as it is necessary. Any more about the Schindlers' marital problems, and you trivialize the main action. Any less, and you dehumanize a troubled but touching relationship.

In a film such as this, where certain novelistic elements must fill in the interstices between facts, false steps could be fatal. If the dialogue is too clever, it upstages the horror; if it is too pedestrian, it is unworthy of the surrounding truths. I don't know how

much of the writing here is Mr. Ken- eally and how much Mr. Zaillian, but my, how it works! When a young German officer anguishedly plays the piano in a building where the others are savagely rounding up the tenants, a soldier stops to wonder: "Bach?" Another replies condescendingly, "Nein. Mozart." To show that one man thinks he can assuage his guilt with a piano, and that another can, amid a deadly *razzia*, derive pride from irrelevant expertise—and to show this with no more than four syllables of dialogue—that is superb.

For the record, I detect two false notes. Mr. Spielberg introduces a couple of spots of color into his black-and-white. One is a candle flame during a Jewish religious ritual, but this connects with the epilogue and justifies the color. There is also, however, the red overcoat of a tiny girl who seems to evade the Nazis in one scene, only to turn up later on a cart as a diminutive corpse among so many others. The patch of color is meant to help us connect the two far-apart images. Still, this strikes me as reaching, since the adorable face of the child could have done the job by itself. The other misstep occurs when Schindler and one of his mistresses, out riding on a hill, stop to stare at the savage roundup of Jews below; with the naked eye they observe distant events in unlikely detail. But these are the merest peccadilloes amid 185 minutes of sustained excellence.

The acting is impeccable. In the cast are mostly Polish, German, Israeli, and other foreign actors, including many amateurs. No one sticks out, which is the highest compliment I can

pay. As Schindler, Liam Neeson, an Irish giant of a man, is perfect. Looking like a large, intelligent, sensual rat, he lets us see the stages of his awakening compassion as clearly as a glass does the rising level of the liquid poured into it. Even more splendid, perhaps, is Ben Kingsley, the half-British, half-Indian actor, who manages to look exactly as Stern, the Jewish accountant, should. His face hardly modulates its expression, his voice barely changes volume or pitch, but his slightest emphasis tattoos itself on our minds even as his eyes burn holes into the screen. As the horrific Goeth, the English actor Ralph Fiennes is a revelation. Like Neeson, he affects a slight accent, and, also like Neeson, he makes it, atypically for Hollywood, perfect. I have never seen evil given a more human—but not, therefore, humanizing—face.

The American Caroline Goodall is nicely contained as Mrs. Schindler, and the Israeli Jonathan Sagalle as Poldek epitomizes the petty knavery that, against a tragic background, becomes heroic bravery. And as a Jewish beauty whom Goeth takes on as his maid, lusts for, flirts with, and brutally takes out his rage on because, as a good German officer, he dare not sexually molest her, Embeth Davidtz is magnificent. She would quietly steal any other show but this one, which cannot be stolen.

I don't know what it is that makes Steven Spielberg so hated in the worlds of Hollywood and film criticism, but hated he is. Already the Los Angeles and New York critics have voted his film best, while bypassing his direction. Ridiculous! □

THEATER

Winged Defeat

WALTER OLSON

IF, LIKE Tony Kushner, you plan to write a second play wringing another three and a half hours of drama out of the same small set of characters, it is perhaps tempting fate to let one of your players in Part I toss off a quip about "the limitations of the imagination. It's something you learn after your first theme party—it's all been done before."

But *Angels in America*, reviewers

seem to agree, is no ordinary stage work subject to ordinary rules. It is an event: a theatrical event, of course, playing to full houses, with a sackful of Tony and Drama Desk prizes, as well as a Pulitzer; but also a literary, artistic, and moral event: a "masterpiece" (*The New Yorker*), "the broad-

Mr. Olson is the author of The Litigation Explosion (Plume).

est, deepest, most searching American play of our time" (*Newsweek*). Here, one might hope, is a long-awaited revival of the theater of ideas. As a "Gay Fantasia on National Themes" that crossed over to charm many straight suburbanites, it might also be expected to contribute to mutual understanding on that vexed current issue.

Now, after much anticipation, the second half of *Angels* has been installed alongside the first at the Walter Kerr Theater in New York. The two productions share the same fine director (George C. Wolfe) and often-virtuosic cast, permitting a sort of double-blind comparison between the sugar-coated "Millennium Approaches" (Part I) and the more medicinal "Perestroika" (Part II).

The virtues of Part I, it turns out, are those of traditional entertainment: a steady flow of funny lines and clever observations, defying the gravity of its subject, AIDS, like a masonry bridge, by a sustained use of the arch. The pacing is sharp enough to keep you from caring that the poetic flights and recycled religious imagery don't really make much sense, or that little is happening by way of plot. ("Nobody even died yet," grumbled one patron on his way out.)

Even less happens in Part II. In the central dramatic situation of Part I, Louis Ironson (Joe Mantello), overcome by nursing his AIDS-stricken lover, has abandoned him. Now, not very surprisingly, he is failing either to find a new love or be taken back by the old. The traditional playwright's answer would be to send him off to perform some great moral gesture, probably by stopping a bullet, but instead he's left to welter in guilt.

Being Mr. Kushner's alter ego, he at least gets an allotment of choice lines. The cast-off Prior Walter (Stephen Spinella), endearingly ditsy in Part I (as when, in diva drag, he pronounced himself an impending "corpsette"), is now well on his way to crankhood, groaning under tablets of prophecy and robed with heavy ideas. Worse dramatic fates await Louis's admirer, the gay Republican lawyer Joe Pitt (David Marshall Grant), and Joe's wife, Harper (Marcia Gay Harden),

whose mental derangement is (excuse the solecism) insufficiently motivated, unless you believe that being married to a Republican will do the trick. About the only improvement in characterization is the closer look we get at Hannah Pitt (Kathleen Chalfant), Joe's mother, a stern woman with a talent for knocking the self-indulgence out of characters like Harper.



On the other hand, the character of Roy Cohn, which gave Ron Leibman a justly celebrated star turn in Part I, now lies abed with little to do while other characters rant on about how awful he is (the "pole star of human evil—the worst person who ever lived," etc.). In Part I, when the ghost of convicted spy Ethel Rosenberg (the fine Kathleen Chalfant again) arrived to haunt him for his role in her execution, she was coolly detached, operating mostly through pauses (as Shakespeare knew, ghosts thrive on silence). Now, to vastly less effect, she tells the dying Cohn that she hates him and laughs at his pain. I have no use for Cohn either, but this is high-school revenge-fantasy stuff.

The funny lines are fewer this time, as are the wry currents of self-deprecation that are needed amid material like this if anger, portentousness, and self-pity are not to intrude like salt into a water table. A chief casualty is Belize, the wisecracking black nurse (Jeffrey Wright), now dismally swollen into a Conscience, the only character the others aren't allowed to score points off, even when he announces, "I hate America." The Angel (Ellen McLaughlin), who descended at the close of Part I, is also now much in evidence, a beautiful bore. She turns a somersault in the air, a pretty exercise, so she repeats it at intervals through the evening, suggesting first a celestial gymnast and finally Cal Worthington, the Los Angeles car dealer who used to stand on his head on TV ads. In another classic instance of more-is-less, Prior, who was jolted by a sudden vision of a neon aleph in Part I, is now shown the better part of the Hebrew alphabet.

Far more moving is the final scene, where Mr. Kushner gathers his favorite characters in front of the Bethesda

Fountain in Central Park. The sacred waters of the original Bethesda were believed to work miraculous cures, and Prior invites us to imagine a future day when humanity will have passed through the healing flood to emerge whole on the other side. Atop the fountain we see the statue of an angel. "They commemorate death, but they symbolize a world without dying. . . . They are made of stone, the heaviest thing on earth, but they symbolize the power of flight."

At moments like this, Mr. Kushner strives for universality and reconciliation. In a nice exchange, Prior, on learning that Mother Pitt is fairly serious about her Mormonism, declares her views "repellent" to him. "How do you know what's going on in my head?" she shoots back. "You don't make assumptions about me, I won't make them about you." She soon shows herself rather more sophisticated than he is.

"I wish you would be more true to your demographic profile," he says, wittily chastened.

Sad to say, that passage is atypical: the crowd-pleasing swipes at conservatives, Republicans, and Mormons, an occasional irritant in Part I, have multiplied this time to fill the dramatic vacuum. They even undermine the play structurally. At the start, Mr. Kushner committed himself to making one of his principal characters, Joe Pitt, both a gay man and an idealistic Reaganite who ghostwrites opinions for a conservative appellate judge. The resulting portrait was uneasy in Part I, but by now Mr. Kushner is simply fed up with this character and assigns him unbelievable lines and motivations. In a climactic spat, Louis, who has secretly dug up and read a stack of the opinions his boyfriend has written for the judge, confronts him with his complicity in (we are meant to believe) the ultimate, apocalyptic evil.

It's too bad. A playwright widely lauded for his imagination, one that ranges from Antarctic ice floes to man-hole covers in heaven, can't imagine what it's like to be a conservative. And the resulting harangues will seem as unpleasant and off-putting to intelligent conservative playgoers as—well, as many of the contents of conservative magazines these days will seem to intelligent gay readers.

We need not demand new ideas in a stage work, and we don't get them in

Angels in America. But we might hope for a bit more of the advertised insight into the common humanity of both sides, rather than yet another shove toward the polarization and politicization of this subject.

Meanwhile, those false friends, the overpraising reviewers, do their best to turn Tony Kushner into a monument. For the moment, all it looks as if they've succeeded in doing is taking away his power to fly. □

RAP MANNERS

See No Evil

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

THE CURRENT crime wave among rap singers brings Malcolm X to mind, but not for the reasons you might expect.

Last summer a friend and I had gone to see Spike Lee's *Malcolm X* in company with a crowd of upper-middle-class whites on Manhattan's Upper East Side. We walked out the door after the first ten minutes, but this had nothing to do with the film itself: rather, owing to an uncorrectable glitch in the projection room, from opening credits onward the sound level was literally painful. The odd thing was that we were the only people in that theater to complain to the manager, and the only ones to leave. No doubt the next morning four hundred New Yorkers woke up with tiny blood spots on their goose-down pillows—material proof of their sophisticated racial views. When it comes to black pop culture, whites like the ones in that theater feel bound to hold their tongues, even when confronted by the most obnoxious manifestations of that culture, and even when the obnoxiousness is the result of a faulty projection machine.

Something similar is going on, I think, in the way upper-middle-class whites—the ones who predominate in the media—have been treating the more, ah, volatile rap singers.

Lately, a rap singer has come to be defined as a singer with a rap sheet, the sheet often being quite long. A man going by the name "Snoop Doggy Dogg," said to be the most popular rapper around, has been charged as an accomplice to murder. The victim, Philip Woldemariam, was shot in the back while riding in Mr. Dogg's jeep. A person called "Dr. Dre," who is not a physician at all but a celebrated producer of rap albums and a rapper him-

self, has settled a suit stemming from an episode in which he is said to have beaten up a TV-show host while the two partied at a Los Angeles nightclub. Most recently, Tupac Shakur, another famous rapper, was accused of leading the gang rape of a female fan in his hotel room.

These are serious crimes, but it is impossible to discuss any crime seriously when the person accused of committing it is referred to in the newspapers by an adorable comic-strip nickname like Snoop Doggy Dogg. (Mr. Dogg's real name is Calvin Broadus. Dr. Dre's is Andre Young.) The *New York Times*, a newspaper that insists on the use of honorifics, has even allowed one writer—himself identified only as "Touré," no first name please—to refer to Mr. Dogg throughout an entire article as "Snoop."

Published in the Arts & Leisure section, Mr. Touré's full-page appreciation of Snoop Doggy Dogg is a classic in the genre of weirdly chummy rap criticism as it appears in upper-middle-class publications like the *Times*. The writer alludes in his first and last paragraphs to the murder of Mr. Woldemariam, but gives every indication that this crime should not deter our admiration for, as a headline put it, "the Poet Laureate of the Homies" (short for "homeboys").

The murder and impending trial do not make Mr. Touré see it as less than relevant to praise Calvin Broadus at length for his "fresh . . . vocal approach," for his "laid-back cool [which] places Snoop in the African-American tradition of making light of personal horror," and for his "subtlety" in composing the rap refrain "'cuz it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop": the number 187 being police code for homicide. By introducing us to Mr. Broadus, a gentleman who sings about murdering policemen, as "Snoop," Mr. Touré asks



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Mr. Klinghoffer is NR's literary editor.

us to think of him as a buddy, to whom we should feel comfortable referring familiarly: a "homie," in the words of that headline composer (who no doubt uses that term around the office all the time).

For an equivalent, try to imagine a story in the *Times* about statutory rapist Joey Buttafuoco, referring genially to Mr. Buttafuoco as "Joey" and blathering on about his talents as an auto mechanic.

Elsewhere in the media, in a feature about Calvin Broadus, *Time* magazine devoted the lead paragraph to the murder of Mr. Woldermariam, but then dropped the unpleasant subject. Abruptly the tone turns bubbly and cordial. "Snoop's" music, we're told, "bounces along at a casual speed that's ideal for both dancing and just hanging out. Snoop unabashedly expresses his adolescent urges, talking freely of having casual sex, smoking pot, and even gunning down enemies . . . [But] he's at his best . . . when he tries to go beyond the gangsta posturings." According to *Time*, it is a mere matter of an "adolescent urge" to want to "gun down enemies." The "big musical question" is paramount: "Does Snoop's album live up to expectations? The big answer: Yes."

Newsweek, too, has reported on violent crime among rap performers, but for a cover headline the editors could screw up only enough courage to produce the timid query, "Is Rap 2 Violent?" Note the characteristically cutesy rapspeak substitution of "2" for "too," blunting the force of the question—which should not be a question at all. Obviously rap is too violent: it serves as musical accompaniment to the entire underclass culture of violence. For an equivalent here, try to imagine a *Newsweek* cover story about civil war in Eastern Europe: "Is Serbia 2 Violent?"

In an essay accompanying the story, Jonathan Alter comes closer to denouncing rap than perhaps any other white liberal to date. But he stops short. Mr. Alter insists we should blame not the rap performers themselves, but the white businessmen who market the records.

Now, were he talking about certain white criminals, and another group of whites seeking to profit by publicizing their crime—let's say, Amy Fisher and Joey Buttafuoco, and the TV networks that made *Movies of the Week* about

them—Mr. Alter would not be so shy in condemning the criminals. But a different analysis is brought to bear when we are thinking about blacks, and in particular blacks who are identified as "artists."

It is a symptom of some deep neurotic guilt that whites feel compelled to treat rap culture not as the pathology it is, but as a sexy, charming, even cute pop phenomenon which cannot be criticized except in the most oblique, backward fashion. When black singers are implicated in grave crimes, we praise the way they sing—just as we will sit passively as our eardrums melt, for fear of offending a black movie director who isn't even in the room. Our language undergoes metamorphosis, our thinking turns upside down, when we talk about blacks.

Sorry, that should be "African-Americans." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Never Stop Running: Allard Lowenstein and the Struggle to Save American Liberalism, by William H. Chafe (Basic, 556 pp., \$28)

THIS book is as good as its title, which in three words captures what drove this archetypal activist's life: the need to run both from his psychological tensions and for political office. Lowenstein's mother died when he was just a year old, something he wouldn't discover until he was eight or nine. The taboo against mentioning her in his home helped create an emotional wedge between Allard and his remarried father (whose admonitions about neatness and punctuality help account for his son's trademark untucked shirt-tail and spectacular lateness). By the time Lowenstein was in college he had fashioned a lifestyle of non-stop politics that left little time to reflect on his family or his ambivalence about his Jewishness and his barely repressed homosexuality. Charming and brilliant, Lowenstein ran through every pressing issue of the day; he organized students to fight racism in Mississippi, oppose the war in Vietnam, and, in his most stunning victory, dump Johnson in 1968. That year Lowenstein won his only term in Congress. Thereafter, in a pattern that dogged him all his political life, he perversely

chose to run in whatever district he was least likely to win. He died in 1980, shot by a deranged former Stanford student, one of hundreds of friends Lowenstein made in his mad dash through our times. Mr. Chafe's biography conveys both the thrill and the frustration of a life one can, in the end, only admire: because Lowenstein—who despised Communists and SDS radicals both—sought his solace in affirming, in his own way, the American system he loved.

—RICH LOWRY

For Good and Evil: The Impact of Taxes on the Course of Civilization, by Charles W. Adams (Madison Books, 530 pp., \$29.95)

IN HIS superbly researched book, Mr. Adams reminds us of a simple historical fact often ignored by politicians and historians: societies cannot and will not tolerate unjust and excessive taxation for long. Starting with the ancient Egyptians and comfortably working his way through ancient Rome, medieval England, the Spanish empire, and early America, Mr. Adams clearly demonstrates how taxation has played a critical role in the demise of some of the world's great civilizations. For example, who remembers that ancient Israel split after King Solomon's death because his son refused to cut debilitating taxes? Unfortunately, the book suffers from a few flaws. The most egregious can be found in the later chapters where the author makes prolonged and tiresome comparisons of the IRS to the Gestapo and KGB. Nevertheless, potential readers need not be deterred: this book is both illuminating and enjoyable.

—FRANCIS J. KELLY

Black Holes and Baby Universes, and Other Essays, by Stephen Hawking (Bantam, 182 pp., \$21.95)

THE PHENOMENAL success of Mr. Hawking's best-seller, *A Brief History of Time*, is probably the rationale for this follow-up, a glib collection of essays, most of which deal in an unsatisfying general way with recent developments in physics. In fact, Mr. Hawking writes in one chapter that he was astounded by his earlier book's success—which is an honest thing to say, because it wasn't (Continues on page 76)

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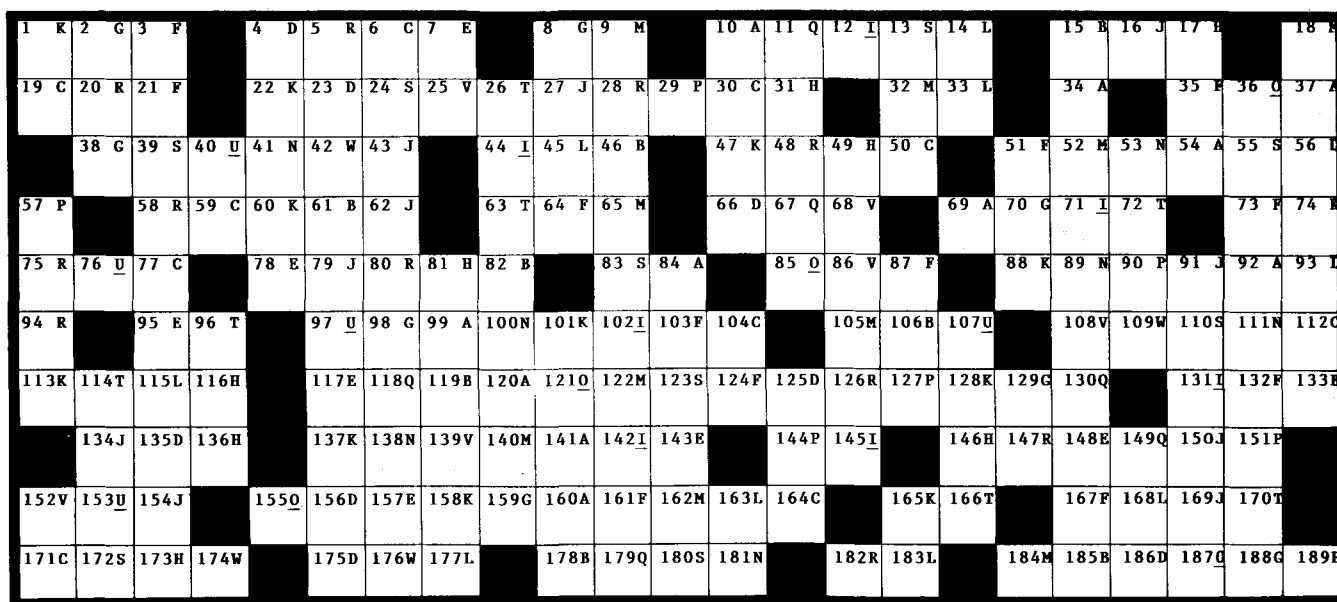
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BRIEFS (Continued from page 74)

a very good book, and neither is this. In *Black Holes*, only the title essay and two pieces on quantum theory evoke any real scientific interest. There's even an embarrassing gaffe in chapter ten, when Mr. Hawking states that average stars burn *oxygen* into helium—instead of *hydrogen* into helium. Mr. Hawking, who suffers from Lou Gehrig's Disease, has become something of a media darling. He was even featured in an episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, playing himself. But all the hype suggesting he is another Einstein is just that: hype. Mr. Hawking *has* made significant contributions to the study of black holes, but his work is purely theoretical—a clever application of general relativity and quantum mechanics. His attempts at popular science writing, meanwhile, are not clever at all. His sense of humor is practically non-existent, and he makes no attempt, as do writers such as Jeremy Bernstein and Paul Davies, to recount the early history of modern physics in a fashion that would make it more accessible (and appealing) to non-scientists.

—JOHN FARRELL

TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------|
| A. Southern Cal resort area (2 words) | 160 34 54 69 84 120 99 92 141 37 | L. Term-paper addenda | 183 168 93 115 163 45 14 177 33 |
| | 10 | M. Similarities | 105 184 9 52 122 162 65 32 140 18 |
| B. A sign for and, derived from et | 185 61 178 82 46 119 15 106 133 | N. Al Capone, e.g. | 111 53 138 41 181 100 89 |
| C. Savagery | 171 59 112 6 19 104 164 30 77 50 | O. Moron, sometimes savant | 187 155 36 121 85 |
| D. One kind of sketch | 66 135 23 186 125 56 175 156 4 | P. Riot pillager | 127 144 90 57 29 151 |
| E. ICBMs, e.g. | 117 95 78 7 143 148 157 | Q. Jehovah, Hebraically | 130 179 149 11 118 67 |
| F. Hard to credit | 64 132 73 87 161 124 21 51 103 35 | R. Bitter | 5 58 20 147 28 182 94 126 48 80 |
| | 167 3 | | 75 |
| G. Noted rake | 188 70 129 2 98 38 159 8 | S. St. Peter, et al. | 13 83 123 172 55 180 110 39 24 |
| H. Outdated Beatles hit? | 116 136 81 31 146 49 17 173 189 | T. Recreational saucer | 96 166 114 26 63 170 72 |
| I. Cars on the highway, collectively | 102 71 131 145 44 12 142 | U. Plant pest | 40 97 153 76 107 |
| J. From above (hyph.) | 27 154 79 169 150 43 91 62 16 134 | V. Behaves as if afflicted by poison ivy | 25 152 108 86 68 139 |
| K. Noted proclamation | 88 47 74 113 158 128 22 137 1 60 | W. Plant part | 176 109 42 174 |
| | 165 101 | | |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

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First Amendmentitis

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27

One up for Georgetown University! The background:

1. One Bradley Smith of California runs something called the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust. The thesis of that "open debate" is that the Holocaust probably never really happened, and if it did, it was of trivial significance, and the Holocaust Museum in Washington is a fine example of manipulative special-interest politics.

2. Student editors here and there are sent full-page paid ads expressing this position, and many of them publish these ads. Their point of view, quite simply stated, is that the First Amendment guarantees the freedom of speech and under the circumstances, in accepting such ads, they are merely doing their duty by the First Amendment.

3. In publishing the Holocaust-never-existed ads, the students are perfectly reflecting the epistemological pessimism of academic freedom. Forty years ago a figure of speech was constantly used in undergraduate education. It was to the effect that all ideas must "start out even in the race." By such ordinances, you aren't permitted, as a teacher, to postulate that, say, the Declaration of Independence pronounces higher ideals than the Communist Manifesto. No, because by doing so, you are suggesting that the curtain on Communism has closed. But curtains never close, in an arena of free inquiry: that is what academic freedom, taken to the lengths it is taken to in centers of nihilist thinking, is telling us.

4. The effect of such nihilism is properly shocking to Jewish sensibilities. If, some time after the Emperor Constantine was baptized, the historians of the period had begun to write that there had been no sacrifices by Christians during the preceding four hundred years, one can imagine what would have been the rage of Christians who had survived martyrdom.

But this is an infected age. There are a couple of historians loose who are tell-

ing us in current books that the Cold War was strictly the result of such bellicose monsters as Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Reagan. They are being dealt with by critics with quite extraordinary calm. One would have hoped that the critical community would have reacted as if they were survivors of the Gulag, or of the great purges in China, in the Soviet Union, in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. But this is an age in which Oliver Stone can become rich by retailing the proposition that Lee Harvey Oswald wasn't guilty, but the Johnson Administration was, as also the FBI, the CIA, and the Warren Commission.

What is the motive of the Californian determined to throw spitballs at dead souls? A committee based in Atlanta (the "Center for Democratic Renewal") issues a report to the effect that such is the work of "anti-Semitic extremists." That isn't necessarily the case: the historical revisionist is not necessarily pro-Communist, any more than Charles Beard was pro-Kaiser, or Charles Tansill was pro-Tojo. But the important thing to remember about the First Amendment is that just as it guarantees us the freedom to pursue the truth, it guarantees others the freedom to deny the truth. There is no dispositive event in prospect, which would allow the doubting Thomas physically to probe a wound, to verify its authenticity.

5. So how did Georgetown handle the situation when the students there published the Holocaust ad? The media board ruled that a public apology was in order, and that the \$200 paid for the ad should be sent to the Holocaust Museum.



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The three top editors of the paper were given a guided tour of the Museum, escorted by a professor of theology. That last was not entirely appropriate, since the Holocaust was not a theological event. It was a historical event, and if we took every professor who disputes established historical events to a museum, we would need to ration the tickets. □

The Making Of a Miracle

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15

The mess in Russia, nobody pauses to acknowledge, is the result of a hotheaded lust for instant democracy. Fortunately, the new constitution was ratified. Though even here, democratic purists are unhappy because of the power it grants to the chief executive. That power is enormous, by the standards of the American Constitution. But for a country that has never experienced democracy, it is practically anarchic. But even with the power he now exercises, consider what Mr. Yeltsin is being urged to do.

He must call an election very soon, even before June, one Russia specialist writes. Because if he doesn't get a reaffirmation of his political primacy, he will gradually be overshadowed by Zhirinovsky. And if that were to happen, why, Goodbye, reform.

Another critic tells us that Zhirinovsky is a fascist, and his arrival on the scene brings visions of the Weimar Republic, which ushered in Hitler sixty years ago. Zhirinovsky will no doubt bump into the "fascist" demonology that was the main derogation used by the Soviet Union beginning right after the Stalin-Hitler Pact fell apart. There were sure-enough fascists around in those days, Mussolini being the modern archetype. But the term was used to condemn anybody who displeased in any way whoever was ruling the Kremlin. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia was by this reckoning a fascist, for which offense he was conveniently defenestrated. Dubcek, a generation later, was a fascist because he brought on a Prague "spring." He was sent off somewhere remote, and lobotomized well before spring had any chance to flower into summer. Zhirinovsky looks like the real fascist McCoy, if that is the right word for someone who favors a great orgy of revanchism, not excluding the reannexation of Alaska—and, of course, Poland, and Finland, and the so-called republics that have burst loose from the old USSR.

Another item of interest: Zhirinovsky

backed the new constitution of Yeltsin, which is heavy with executive power. Because it is the perfect constitution? Oh no. It is simply a step in the right direction. What he has in mind is something that would give the Executive in effect total authority, always on the assumption that he would be the Executive.

Zhirinovsky's Liberal Democratic Party (a wonderful name, by the way, explosively appropriate for anybody who pines for the old ways under Communism) now threatens to be the largest voting bloc in parliament. If he makes common cause with the Communist Party, and perhaps others, he might succeed in gridlocking the parliament, requiring Yeltsin to make significant concessions. The emergence of Zhirinovsky becomes a vital political datum. Well now, are we satisfied at having urged a democratic election in Russia?

Those who, with grave and orthodox countenance, defend the plebiscite on the grounds that we now know what are the causes of Russian discontent, are telling us that we could not have known what these discontents were without an election. To which the answer is, Why not? Henry Kissinger and Jeane Kirkpatrick are among the dozens of acute analysts who have been reminding us for months that the Russians are disconsolate over the loss of their empire. Arsenio Hall could have told us that people in Russia who are enduring the labor pains of a transition from socialism to a market society are unhappy about it. The most ignorant native of Zaire, where a dollar will now fetch you one hundred million units of the local currency, will tell you that inflation hurts deeply. And an American professor of astronomy, let alone political science, could have told you that the vast number of soldiers and sailors who were proud of their continental pre-eminence would resent demobilization on so grand a scale.

But no. We had to have a democratic election, and now we have given official status to these discontents—all for the satisfaction of going through procedures indispensable to mature self-governing societies, but reckless for societies within which the first order of business isn't democratic niceties, but reform and stability. If Yeltsin finds himself facing another parliamentary impasse, are we going to urge him to submit to a national presidential election that might be won by Zhirinovsky?

Oliver Wendell Holmes made the ultimate obeisance to self-government when he wrote from the Supreme Court, "If my fellow citizens want to go to Hell I will help them. It is my job." He was wrong,

and we were wrong in pushing Yeltsin toward a democratic exercise that has had the effect of reifying what formerly were abstract concerns. □

Contradictions On the Deficit

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17

Analysts—among them, Peter Peterson of New York, writing in his new book, *Facing Up*—talk eloquently about the immorality of our growing national deficit. This indictment is quite apart from the pain they feel over the deficit's economic consequences. The condemnation usually speaks of the imposition on the young of debt incurred by the old, and the complaint is certainly worth thinking about.

Suppose we personalize the deficit. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have four children, have become more and more self-indulgent as they grow older. In their younger days they saved, and invested in their house; now they travel around the world on luxury liners, and, just last year, they took out a fresh mortgage. Their joint yearly income is up around \$200,000, but they owe money to the banks and to their broker.

These are, of course, debts that will need to be paid off by their four children, who will inherit an estate greatly diminished in value. Should we concentrate on the extravagance of the Joneses in their old age? Or should we focus on this, that after all the money is paid back, there is still something left over—which will go to the heirs.

Mr. Peterson reminds us that the government is spending one-sixth as much on children as it is spending on the aged. This datum does not in fact surprise, given that the expenses of retirement homes, let alone of hospitals, greatly exceed the cost of schooling. Apart from that, there aren't many expenses of children that are paid for by government, except when one runs into the children of single mothers.

But the moral point is made more complicated by what it is that the incoming generation will inherit. A huge debt, yes. But also a formidable capital plant. We have jobs for 118 million people, and the capitalization per job is over \$200,000. It is one thing to ask whether the outgoing generation has been indefensibly extravagant—it has. But it is a different question whether the incoming generation will face, on balance, a country more remarkable for its wealth than for its debt.

Late in the Thirties, as year after year went by with deficits generated by the New Deal, it suddenly occurred to a braintruster for FDR that there was a splendid way to defuse criticism. Every deficit dollar at the end of the year converts to a bond bought by—somebody. Although there has been substantial purchasing of U.S. bonds by foreigners, most of the debt is owned by Americans. So the great epiphany was born: "We owe it to ourselves!" That was the morally emancipating slogan of New Deal casuists who felt that now they could go home and sleep, having established that the country can hardly be damaged by going into debt that merely transfers assets from one set of American hands to another. This was the final ornament on the great rococo structure built by Keynes; but it is morally spurious. Whether the money brought in from the taxpayer goes to an American or a Dutchman does not affect the pain experienced by the taxpayer.

Mr. Peterson is more persuasive in dramatizing the nation's problems than in solving them. He is a man much concerned with morals, and he wants his personal magnanimity to become corporate. If husband and wife are making over \$35,000 per year when they reach 65, including payments from Social Security and Medicare, the Peterson plan would begin to phase down payments from government until they were reduced to 15 per cent for people with incomes of over \$200,000. On top of this, he would impose a 5 per cent sales tax and a 50-cents-per-gallon gas tax. The Heritage Foundation has a more appealing proposal, capping entitlements to an annual growth of 2 per cent.

Congress has many arguments to weigh. Those who confront the deficit are by no means unanimous in their opinion that to reduce it is the first order of business. Economist David Levy sees the deficit as "a great stabilizer of the economy, offsetting the weakness in private investment by providing a huge stimulus." And as for the upcoming generation, "the measure of how well we serve our children and grandchildren will not be the size of the federal debt but their health, their education, the cleanliness of their environment, and the safety, efficiency, and international competitiveness of their country's infrastructure."

The deficit is morally wrong to the extent that it disguises the motives of policymakers. If it is used as a Keynesian instrument, it needs to be analyzed with reference to different criteria from those that conservatives deal in. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Follow the Quirk

ANYONE trying to get to the bottom of a complicated subject is advised, "Follow the money." I don't have a good enough head for figures, and in any case my interests lie elsewhere. I'd rather watch human nature expose its flanks, so my rule is, "Follow the quirk."

The health-care debate leads me down the trail of doctors as the linchpin of America's class system.

Jewish-mother jokes: "Help! My son the doctor is drowning!"

Subtle advice: "It would be nice if you married a doctor" kept several of my female classmates in American Lit from understanding the point of Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. "What's she griping about?" asked one. "She caught a doctor, didn't she?"

Unsubtle advice: "Always wear nice underwear in case you get hit by a bus." It was always a bus or a truck, never an ordinary car, the idea being to attract as many doctors as possible when they carried you into the emergency room.

In the Fifties, men trying to pick up girls either claimed to work for the CIA, or else tried to pass themselves off as doctors. The incident that sticks in my mind involved two buddies working in tandem. My masher said nothing about being a doctor, but midway in his pitch, another man strolled up to us, did an exaggerated double-take, and exclaimed, "Why, Doctor! It certainly is good to see you again, Doctor! How are you, Doctor?"

Whereupon the first man passed a weary hand over his brow and said, "I was up all night in the operating room (sigh). Cardiac patient (sigh). But I managed to save him."

The way to my heart is through my funny bone; if they had made me laugh I might have let them buy me a drink, but their ineptness insulted my intelligence. I blew up.

Miss King's first book, Southern Ladies and Gentlemen, has recently been reissued in paperback (St. Martin's).

"If you two hams want to impress me with titles, why don't you try *real* titles like duke, marquess, earl, viscount, and baron? That's what would make me sit up and take notice—not some little old *doctor*!"

I devoured historical novels in those days. Now, however, in the light of HillaryCare, my outburst takes on new meaning.

America's only title is *Doctor*, the medical profession is our peerage, and Hillary & Co. are the New Jacobins. I suspect that the entire health-care agenda is nothing more than camouflage for a wish—perhaps subconscious, perhaps not—to storm hospitals like so many Bastilles, overthrow the medical profession, and symbolically send doctors to the guillotine.

Remember feminist doctor hatred? One of the first "insensitive" villains was the arrogant gynecologist who kept turning up in the *de rigueur* childbirth scene in sisterhood novels like Marilyn French's *The Women's Room*, prompting intense agitprop about "our bodies, ourselves," do-it-yourself artificial insemination, home birthing, and a movement to bring back the midwife.

The same Far Left mindset drives HillaryCare, whose proponents fully intend to decide who goes to medical school. Two provisions of the plan not included in the abridged paperback, *Report to the American People*, are: a)



"My HMO assigned me to Dr. Kevorkian."

Set up a new National Council on Graduate Medical Education, appointed by the Secretary of HHS, to certify the number of physicians allowed to enter training programs in specialties; and b) Require 55 per cent of new doctors to practice more generalized "primary care."

Quick, who comes to mind? Remember *Madame Bovary*? Her husband, Dr. Charles Bovary, was an "*officier de santé*"—a "health officer," not a real doctor at all but a kind of medic—who barely scraped through his courses and screwed up a club-foot operation so badly that the patient had to have his leg amputated.

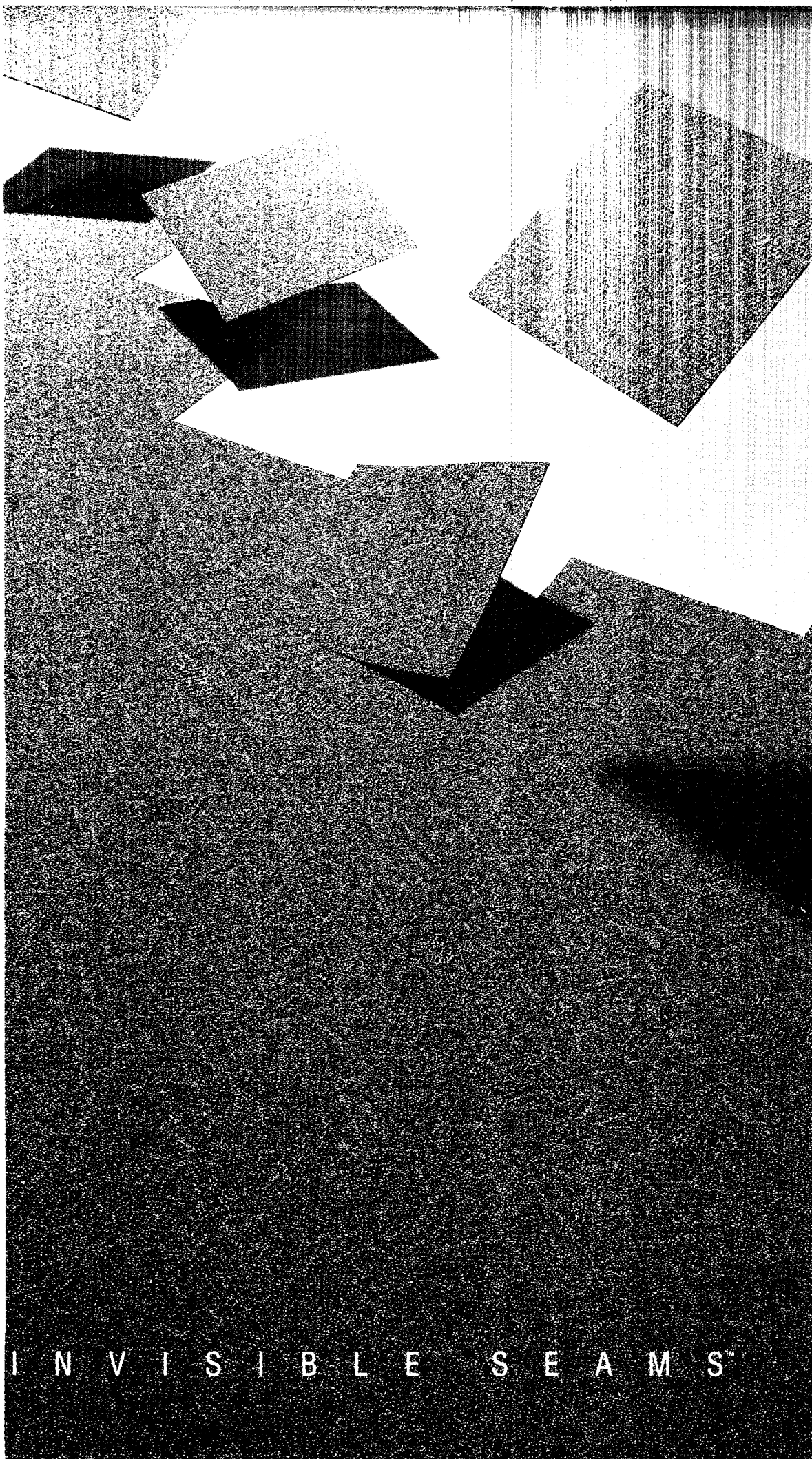
Status symbols, like social stigmas, keep people on their toes. Lower the doctor's rank and you reduce medical expertise. Add affirmative action, which is already law, and we will be overrun with Charles Bovarys. That should end the medical peerage.

BUT turning doctors into commoners is only the beginning. HillaryCare intends to go for the jackpot and turn them into social undesirables. On page 9 of *Report to the American People* we read: "New criminal penalties . . . [prohibit] the payment of bribes or gratuities to influence the delivery of health services and coverage."

Sound familiar? Hint: "... the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited."

Commenting on HillaryCare's proposed criminal penalties, Robert Bork said, "I can't think of a legal justification for keeping people from using their own money to get care. That is pure radical egalitarianism. They want to bring everyone down to their own level."

I can see it now, and it's not what grandmothers call "good husband material." The peephole slides back and the patient says, "Pssst! Joe sent me. I got a pain in my side." An operating table is hidden in the woods and the doctor is armed with a shotgun, drawing a bead on intruders like the moonshiner we ran into when I was at Ole Miss, who said, "Iffn yew-all frum the guvmint, yew gonna carry yore ass home in a bucket." —FLORENCE KING



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